

THE ROUND TABLE.

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SAVORY STANZAS FOR NOVEMBER.

POETS, who skyward mount and feed on ether,
Far out of sight, among the starry host,
Soar when you list, and tell us what you see there;
Of such excursions 'tis not mine to boast.
My muse is not a transcendental ghost,
But plump and buxom, and exceeding rich in
Suggestive hints (of which I make the most)
Touching *moreaux* to epicures bewitching—
In short, an aproned muse whose Helicon 's the kitchen.

Her I invoke: forth at my call she rushes,
Not downward, on a cloud, through fields of air,
But, with her cheeks suffused with fiery blushes,
Trips, blithely singing, up the kitchen stair.
Lo! in her hand November's bill of fare—
A goodly scroll, a muster-roll of dishes
To make a fasting saint his Lent forswear,
And fill his pious mind with carnal wishes—
Longings for soups and joints, and game and flaky fishes.

Talk of your Pegasus!—were he a draught-horse
He ne'er could draw the contents of her carte,
'Twould tire a lager-brewery's strongest shaft-horse
And break the noble beast's *chevalric* heart.
Oh! what material for the hand of Art!
Could I but write like (shall I say like Tennyson?)
How would I make the gastric juices start
With a voluptuous, sensuous, thrilling benison,
On woodcock, partridge, quail, and inch-deep-fattened
venison.

Now are domestic meats most rich in juices,
Now are all fowls domestic in their prime,
And under Taste's *experimentum crucis*
Each yields a flavor one may call sublime.
November, gentle epicure, 's the time
When palates, touched to finest issues, tingle.
Hark! to the dinner bell's inviting chime;
It bids us all for one grand purpose mingle,
And "makes the whole world kin" with its harmonious
jingle.

Come, let us dine. Mock turtle to commence with;
Sheepshead—the slice beneath the dorsal fin;
Boiled turkey—celery sauce it is immense with;
Ven'son, with port wine gravy, not too thin;
A few scalloped oysters now throw in,
And overlay with canvas-back, done lightly.
Close with some Charlotte Russe, and for your bin,
Sauterne; or, if you choose a tipple sprightly,
Try effervescent Hock, a wine that suits me—slightly!

'Twould fill a page to catalogue each edible
To which the month a perfect flavor gives;
Oh! Thomas Hood, 'twas gracelessness incredible
To link its name with greswome negatives.
Now lean men, loose in fiber as old sieves,
Laugh and grow fat, and age begins to royster.
In summer man exists, but now he lives.
Even barefoot friars, pacing in their cloisters,
Sigh, as they tell their beads, for plump November oys-
ters.

Oysters! One needs the genius of a Shelley

To fitly hymn those treasures of the sea—
Salacious dabs of appetizing jelly!

Sources of epigastric ecstasy.

And lobsters, too, as firm as firm can be,

And crimped lettuce, tempt us in November,

With scores of cates from forest, lake, and lea—

Dainties each gourmand's palate will remember

That might a glow awake in life's expiring ember.

Cooks, do your best; don't mar the savory bounties

By Heaven vouchsafed to bless the inner man;

The choicest dish, ill-cooked, of no account is,

So place not nature's luxuries under ban.

Look to your seasonings well in pot and pan:

The finest *gout* the easiest to deprave is

With sauces made on "the Canal Street plan."

See that you give us rich and generous gravies,

With which the Loyal League might relish e'en Jeff Davis.

Enough. Dear kitchen muse, I now dismiss thee

With homage worthy of thy high desert.

Methinks, at parting, I could almost kiss thee,

Enchanting epicurean expert!

But 'thou art far too circumspect to flirt;

So fare thee well (so I desire to fare, too),

And oh, endow our Irish help, inert,

With skill, sound judgment, necessary care, too,

The longings to fulfill that tasteful flesh is heir to.

J. B.

HOW NOT TO MAKE A HOME.

IT has been our evil fortune, lately, to have to spend day after day in trying to get a house to live in. Our sufferings in the prolonged, delusive, and futile search for a protection from the approaching winter, and a shrine in which to deposit our domestic gods, have been too great that we should recount them unasked; when we found, however, that, although, in answer to advertisements and the invitations of agents, we came and saw, repeatedly, but in no case conquered, we determined, as the experience was not to be shunned, that we would try what we could extract from it in the way either of amusement or instruction. After as honorable a fashion as we could, we would play spy; we would see for ourselves how the ordinary run of Americans live, and how they furnish their houses. If there should be anything to praise, we would praise it, and if anything to be mended, we would try to point out the way.

Let us premise that the houses we have been dealing so treacherously with have not been first-class houses, although the occupants have in every case, without exception, endeavored to make us believe that they were; nor have they been very low down in the domestic-architectural scale. They were average types of American middle-class dwellings, and it is with some compunction and more chagrin that we record our impression that anything more grim, unbeautiful, and cheerless it would, we hope, be impossible to find. There seems to be no love of beauty, no natural taste; and nothing could be more reasonably expected, these being wanting, than that there should be no real love of comfort. And, accordingly, there is none.

Three evils are rapidly destroying all vestiges of whatever notions of comfort and elegance the old time may have left us, and although there are some encouraging signs that we are at the turn of the tide, and that each one of these evils is losing ground, yet the reasons for hope are too faint as yet to be accepted for valid, and we must expect to wait some years before our social life shall have thoroughly righted itself. The names of these three troublesome hinderers of our social progress are, "Love of Display," "Devotion to Fashion," "Indifference to Home." This last, however, as we shall show, is rather a consequence of the others than an independent evil. If we could put

down the others, and make each home peculiar and attractive in itself, indifference would soon cease.

First, then, for Love of Display. If anybody thinks that this vice belongs exclusively to those who can afford to gratify it without stint, and that it must be a stranger to the little three-story houses we have been visiting, we beg to assure him that he is mistaken. Of course there is less money to gratify it, and the result of whatever efforts are made in that direction is always meagre and often comical, but its existence is not to be denied. Two things, however, we will frankly admit: First, the result in the poorer houses is generally in quite as good taste as the far more lavish and expensive manifestations in the houses of the rich. Fifth Avenue chairs and tables, carpets, frescoes, and curtains, are as ugly in their way as those of "way-over-by-East-river" and "way-over-by-North-river" respectively. Each one has less fortunate neighbors to dazzle, rivals to outshine, and a "standing" to keep up. "Love of display" has a life-lease of at least one small room, suitable for a single gentleman, in almost every human heart, and whatever dress he may wear he cannot conceal his individuality. And second—this love of display may have its good side. It may be playing its part in education, and helping to develop faculties that under a too rigorous regimen would never show themselves. It is an ambition, even though a low one; and, evil thing as it is, we dare say has some sort of goodness in it, if we only had the wisdom to direct it, since we cannot kill it, and ought not, we suppose, to desire to.

But, these things allowed, there stands the difficulty; a painted peacock, no less raucous in voice, and no less ugly-footed, because we grant crested head and shining neck. We are killing sincerity and simplicity, and domestic happiness, by our desire for display, by our determination to appear as well as our richest acquaintances if we cannot excel them; and the ambition shows itself in our houses themselves, in our furniture and in our dress.

In going through these houses from cellar to garret (and we may remark in parenthesis that both cellars and garrets proper are rapidly disappearing in New York) we have made this general observation: that there is one room in every house which is devoted to the astonishment and delight of the outside world, and has no relation, or very little beyond mere possession, to the family that occupies the dwelling. This room is called "the parlor," or, when special elegance is to be predicated, "the drawing-room." As we shall show in another article, its furniture is regulated, both in the number of the pieces and in their shape, material, and quality, by the supposed demands of fashion; but what we wish to remark now is, that the love of display makes this room its stronghold, and if it cannot, by reason of insufficient means or some peculiarity in the household, assert its sway over the whole establishment, it will at least intrench itself here and rule undisputed.

Even the poorest houses we visited had gathered in one room—and that always a room in the best part of the house, the sunniest, brightest, and largest—whatever they owned, which, in their eyes, was pretty, elegant, or rich. Whatever other room wanted a carpet, this had one; from Brussels to ingrain, the best that the master or mistress could afford. Here was gathered furniture whose cost often exceeded that of any other three rooms. Nay, we have seen it exceed the cost of all the other rooms. Here was a pier-glass reflecting the whole figure and the whole room in its clear surface, while in the wife's bedroom a small looking-glass on the bureau must serve, and the servants under the roof must see their visages darkly in scraps of glass secured by tacks to the wall. Here were curtains, and chairs covered with worsted embroidery, and showily

bound books, and elaborately hideous gas-fixtures, and porcelain or make-believe bronze ornaments; in short, whatever could be got together to make a show.

We say to make a show, for even in the best houses this is the only motive; we speak it boldly. This room, so adorned, whether with costly-ugly or cheap-ugly things, is not for the delight and use of the family; it is for the astonishment and crushing of friends, neighbors, and chance visitors. In many cases it is kept carefully locked; in most cases it is seldom entered, kept slightly warmed, dimly lighted, and, to avoid dusting and sweeping—those destructive processes—the articles are shrouded in linen and hid from sight. Even where matters are a little freer, the detestable "anti-Macassar" perches his meddlesome and reticulated form upon the chairs and sofas, and politely suggests the necessity of guarding these delicate fabrics against the visitor's dirty head. Of course, this is a coarse way of putting it; but that's the English of it. And everywhere through the apartment we are made to feel, and every member of the family is given to understand, that this room is a solemn, sequestered spot, a place of splendor, a shrine not to be lightly entered, and on no account whatever to be used.

Of course, there are many houses, both of rich and poor, to which this description will not apply. Many houses have splendidly furnished parlors, and comfort and convenience and elegance in every other room. Some houses have rooms comfortably furnished throughout, and have no room that is not in daily common use. But the first class must, of necessity, be rare; and the second is, as everybody will admit, not a large one. As we stop and run over the list of our acquaintances, rich and poor, we hardly recall one in whose house the living-room is the parlor, and where the parlor is not better furnished than any room the family habitually occupies. Indeed, it will be admitted that it is a principle in our house-keeping to have a parlor, and to furnish it as handsomely as our means will afford; and then, as the room does not look comfortable, and we really cannot afford to use the expensive things we have put into it, we do not occupy it—we shut it up, and the family life begins and grows up entirely outside of this room, which represents not the affection, nor the mutual interest, nor the occupation of the family, but is a test only of its wealth, its pride, and what is falsely called its taste.

Now, the very first step to be taken by a young couple beginning housekeeping in America is, that there be no "best room," no parlor as distinct from living-room, better furnished than any other, with chairs and tables too costly for daily use, with pictures seldom seen, with carpets that they will fear to tread on, thinking of how much money it took to buy them; with mirrors that reflect from year to year no warmth, no cheer, no familiar daily life, but only cold magnificence, or tawdry finery, or cheap but dear ornaments, painfully acquired by saving where saving was the worst economy.

Next to what is more commonly understood as economy, this one principle, fairly lived up to—that the house exists for the family, first of all, and is for their use and comfort; and that the family must not be hampered and hindered in their daily life by artificial arrangements—will lay the foundation for more solid happiness than our young couple can hope for under the present condition; and supposing them to have established their living-room on the natural basis, we will tell them in a future number how they ought to furnish it.

REVIEWS.

THE LATE HORACE MANN.*

THE Hon. Horace Mann was prominently before the public during his life, and, after his death, a bronze statue was erected to his honor in front of the State House in Boston, partly out of sincere respect and gratitude for his services and his worth, and partly out of disrespect to the memory of Daniel Webster, whose statue had greatly vexed a certain class of men

in Massachusetts ever since it was placed upon its pedestal. The two statues are symbolic of two sorts of men in that very active-minded commonwealth who do not love each other better than they ought, and who have contrived to perpetuate their feuds by these images of bronze. There they stand *vis-à-vis*, the only statues that have yet been reared before the capitol—significant of the tendencies which divide the parties which they represent. We do not assert that this is the only service which these memorials perform. They represent love and reverence and honor more strikingly than hate and contempt and disparagement; but the love and reverence and honor are more *piquant* in the experience because of the contrasted emotions excited by the statue that confronts the one which each party delights to think of.

We advert to the statues to remind ourselves and our readers how difficult it is to do justice to one who had such a public career as Mr. Mann. Every public man must, it is true, be more or less a partisan. He must make earnest opponents, if not bitter enemies, as well as faithful adherents and cordial friends; but every man is not so definitely and positively partisan in all his relations as was Mr. Mann. It was his destiny or his doom to be a man of war from the beginning of his active life; to attack what he conceived to be old abuses in their very strongholds, to confront those whom he thought bitter opponents, and to be assailed in turn by men who suspected and disliked his person and his influence.

What he was in his inmost soul as well as in his external career this volume very clearly and very fully depicts. Singularly modest in its manner, and almost reserved in its tone, it is yet satisfactory in most of its communications. The accomplished lady who composed it has used no word of fulsome laudation; she has essayed no highly-colored portraiture, but has allowed her husband very largely to speak for himself, and to make his own impressions concerning his principles, his aims, his aspirations, his friends, his enemies, his faith, and his hopes. No man can read this volume and fail to know what sort of a person Mr. Mann actually was. Certainly no one can read it without admiring the good taste and wise sagacity that are everywhere revealed in the composition and arrangement of this biography.

But what for a man was he? Let us seek to answer this question from the materials which this volume furnishes. The chief incidents of his life need first to be recited. He was born in the town of Franklin, Massachusetts, of respectable parents in rather narrow circumstances, and trained under the very rigorous and metaphysical Calvinistic preaching of Rev. Dr. Emmons. This Dr. Emmons, as we have learned, was at the head of a somewhat singular and unique school of the New England theology. He was remarkable for an almost Mohammedan fatalism in his theory of the divine agency in the production of sin, as well as for a singular passion for setting forth his peculiar views in almost every one of his sermons. His style of treating the themes of Christian truth was clear, dry, and severely logical. Everything was demonstrated somewhat in the manner of a geometrical theorem, and the conclusion demonstrated was left as a naked proposition, without being commended to the feelings by a single glowing appeal. To this course of intellectual gymnastics his hearers were trained, we can hardly say were treated, from week to week during a succession of years, fifty or sixty in all. The fearful and ardent spirit of Horace Mann the child was appalled by this purely metaphysical Deity. He was shocked by the fatalistic interpretations which he was asked to place upon the divine administration. He trembled with horror at the thought that, perhaps, he was not one of the elect. He could not believe that the Divine Spirit was not ready to further his aspirations after goodness, and to aid his efforts to do the will of God.

As a consequence, he vibrated and oscillated between a positive and negative faith, or rather between hope and despair, for a long series of years. He graduated at Brown University, studied law at Litchfield, Conn., married the daughter of President Messer, of Providence, and entered upon the profession of the law with flattering prospects; but all this while carrying upon his heart, as it would seem, a heavy

burden of blank misgivings and skeptical questionings in respect to the great moral problems, such as often vexes and sometimes crushes over-sensitive spirits. The death of his wife deepened the gloom and darkened the universe to him still more. It aroused his doubts and excited his questionings to a new energy. Over this part of his life the biographer has drawn a veil which we could wish were lifted. Concerning its sorrows and doubts there are too few definite statements from his own pen. He seems, however, to have emerged into a settled faith so far as to cherish a fixed horror of what he calls Calvinism, which was as intense as it was indefinite. Had it been the dry and merciless Calvinism of Emmons which was the object of his earnest reprobation we ought, perhaps, not to wonder; but when it was not this alone, but almost every form of positive Christian truth which goes beyond the mere assertion that Christ has in some way lived a life which should be imitated by every man, we marvel at the indiscriminate zeal which seems to have possessed him like a "fixed idea." His creed was, in brief, the belief that it is our chief duty to love and live for man, with little thought, or feeling, or prayer, or hope, concerning God; that man is immortal, and that it cannot be that to a single soul there will be assigned a heritage of perpetual sin and perpetual sorrow. But love to man was with him no idle dogma, no lazy and unproductive tenet. It became an absorbing and over-mastering passion. It took such possession of his sympathizing and sensitive nature, ever one-sided and tending to extremes, as to lead him to give to duty to man the place of the love and inspiration that comes from conscious communion and peace with God. This impulse finally became a creed held as dogmatically, defended as earnestly, propagated as intolerantly, nay, enforced as ferociously, as are any of the more positive confessions commonly known as Orthodox, Calvinistic, or Evangelical.

It happened, about this time, that the attention of the public and of public men in Massachusetts was directed to objects of philanthropic enterprise—to the temperance reformation, to improvements in prison discipline, and to the establishment of better hospitals for the insane. In all these Mr. Mann found spheres large enough for the exercise of his glowing sympathies, and ideals elevated enough to inspire his ardent imagination. He was intent on moving the rich and influential to liberal contributions. He was prominent in persuading the Legislature of Massachusetts to the foundation of the Insane Hospital at Worcester. He formed the most ardent attachments for Drs. Todd and Woodward, the benevolent and beloved physicians; for Dr. Channing and Father Taylor, the one the inspirer and the other the worker of practical good deeds to the poor and the neglected; for Charles Sumner and Dr. S. G. Howe, who were then beginning their active career on what was regarded as the new era of philanthropic beneficence and ethical statesmanship. His morbid tendencies seemed likely soon to be outgrown. His heart and hands were occupied with emotions and deeds of philanthropy. His distrust and depression melted away before the genial influences of what he conceived to be a more liberal and loving Christianity. Just then he was attracted to the study of phrenology by the visit of Dr. Spurzheim to this country; which system he seems to have embraced with a very confiding, if not a credulous, faith. The writings of Mr. George Combe, particularly his work "On the Constitution of Man," made a strong impression upon his mind, and this last became to him the very Bible of his faith, and the golden book of his philosophy. To the latest moment of his life, as appears from the final words which he spoke, this was to him as "the law and the prophets."

Just then efforts which had been slowly maturing, though they had been long in preparation, to revive and rejuvenate the common school interest in Massachusetts, came to a definite issue in the appointment of a State Board of Education. Of this board Mr. Mann was elected secretary, and he became the most conspicuous and eloquent laborer in this field which the country has known. He labored in it from 1837 to 1848, and was active and self-sacrificing, laborious and eloquent from the beginning to the end. He moved the legislature and the people; established

* "Life of Horace Mann." By his Wife. Boston: Walker, Fuller & Co. 1865.

normal schools and set on foot teachers' institutes; wrote voluminous annual reports and edited the "Massachusetts Common School Journal;" he delivered impassioned lectures, he scolded lazy and apathetic teachers, and stormed against the avarice and indifference of the public. He prayed and preached, and praised and denounced; he begged and commanded; he entreated and threatened, he thundered and lightened as if he would move heaven and earth. If the state was to be saved and crime was to be prevented, and the new heavens and the new earth were to be inaugurated as the kingdom of God, then the people must be educated—the rich and the poor, the high and the low, at the same public schools, and at the munificent expense of the tax-paying public. He was in a good degree successful. He aroused the mind of the public, not only in his own state, but throughout the country, to a settled conviction that much more ought to be done and could be done for universal education than had ever been deemed practicable. He found able coadjutors, whose zeal he kindled and whose energy he revived till, under his direction and in obedience to his impulses, most important results were effected, for which the whole country is indebted to his ardent and indomitable spirit.

In the year 1848 he was chosen a member of the House of Representatives, to fill the seat which had been vacated by the death of John Quincy Adams. He was selected to fill this place because of his general popularity, his fearless eloquence, and his decided anti-slavery position; and he was true to the expectations of his constituents. As a member of the House he was bold, defiant, and ever on the alert during one of the most exciting periods of our national history. He was anti-slavery in all his influence; he grieved over Mr. Webster's speech of March 7, 1850, as over the fall of an archangel, but he held the more firmly and defiantly to his own position.

In September, 1852, he was nominated for governor by the anti-slavery party of Massachusetts, and on the same day was elected president of Antioch College, in Ohio. He accepted the last appointment, and filled the office till his death in 1858. Here he was called to novel labors and to severe disappointments and trials. The college was founded originally by the Christian denomination, but was taken up in part by the Unitarians on the promise of pecuniary aid, and Mr. Mann was placed at its head. The field was not only difficult, on account of the very slender resources of the college and the jealousy of the denomination which had originated it, but in still greater degree from the novel experiments which Mr. Mann insisted upon introducing into its conduct and discipline. The system of emulation was discarded. Female pupils were admitted as well as young men and boys. A professedly exclusively moral discipline upon moral grounds was attempted and enforced, and this without the sanction of any system of religious belief, except the most general acknowledgment of Christ as an example and the New Testament as a guide. The laws of health, as evolved from a systematic study of human physiology, were to be constantly reiterated till they should become as familiar as household words. Upon the knowledge of these laws was placed the chief reliance that all the impulses and appetites of boisterous and uncultured youths would be charmed into quietness. Alcohol and tobacco were to be forever disarmed of their power to madden and to charm. Combe's "Constitution of Man" was so to impress the pupils with such a faith in the unchanging and inexorable economy of the moral universe, that crime and sin would be for ever exorcised. The follies and frolics, the excesses and the noises, the tricks and the meannesses, that have so abounded in all the so-called Christian colleges of this and other countries were to cease for ever in this the one college of the West, where religious bigotry was unknown, where a liberal faith was accepted, and where moral truth was freely applied to the discipline of the manners and the conduct of the pupils. The faith of Mr. Mann was marvelous in the possibility—nay, in the certainty—of achieving such results by such means. His energy was untiring. He would never yield. His eloquence was ever ready to inspire and encourage the good, to scathe and denounce the refractory and the bad. He could never be depressed by any mortification or cha-

grin, nor repressed by cabal or opposition. His self-reliance was in itself a victory. His self-satisfaction in his vocation was almost sublime. Though far enough from believing in the "Calvinistic devil," he seemed to suppose that he was in the fore-front of the contest against some sort of a devil, and that this personage owed him the worst grudge which he felt toward any mortal. His faith in his cause and in the means which he deemed appropriate to success—in himself and his power over young men, put to very shame the defective and half-hearted faith of many whose creeds are much longer than his own. Indeed, he seemed born to illustrate the power there is in a strong faith in a short creed as contrasted with the weakness that belongs to a weak faith in a long one. In this faith there was power and success. Antioch College, notwithstanding all its mortifying embarrassments, feuds, and failures, did so far succeed under his administration as to show what there is in energy and self-consecration, and in faith in a very few practical truths. Whether it would have succeeded for a long period under the administration of such a theory by such a man may well be doubted. We believe that the inherent weaknesses of the theory and the very serious defects of the man would have caused it to fail in the end. That it succeeded so well for six years may in part be ascribed to the causes which we have named, and in part to the prestige which was attached to the name of its head; but in very great measure to the character of the material with which he had to deal, to the earnestness for knowledge and for truth which possessed the souls of the hard-working but poorly-cultured young men and young women who flocked to Antioch College. To teach and govern such youth, especially if the most of them believe it to be their especial mission also to reform the manners and the politics of their fellows, is a very different thing from teaching and guiding the children of the rich, who have been drugged with lessons from infancy, and disgusted with the satiety which study without labor and tasks without poverty are almost always sure to breed. We think Mr. Mann died at a fortunate time for himself and his fame. His last words spoke out the ruling passion, "Preach God's laws; preach them, preach them." It was the creed which he had learned from Mr. Combe, and which he never forgot nor enlarged.

What our estimate would be of the excellences and defects of Mr. Mann might, perhaps, be gathered from the foregoing sketch. It would be more just to him and to ourselves if this estimate were more definitely and fully expressed.

No one could see him or hear him speak or converse without being impressed by his presence and acknowledging his superiority. Scarcely any sagacious or cool-headed man could fail to see that this superiority was counter-balanced by very striking defects. His very person was fitted to attract and impress. His tall figure, his commanding air, his towering head, his sparkling features, his springy gait, and his white hair would each have made him a very "noticeable man." The combination of these features and some that cannot very well be defined made you feel that there was something unnatural, "weird," overstrained, and ill-balanced in the man. When he began to speak, the hearer would, in all likelihood, be attracted by the brilliancy of his rhetoric and the affluence of his diction. He would then be spell-bound by the range of his thoughts and the daring of his assertions, or be carried away in excited admiration by the very rush and glow of diction, imagery, thought, appeal, and action, all blended and combined into a white heat from very motion. But when the speaker had done, the hearer would begin to feel that he had somehow been entranced or entrapped, and that after all his intellect had been convinced but in part, and his soul had not been so deeply moved as he thought—that, in a word, he had been hearing a moral rhetorician, but not a convincing and fervid orator. The higher results of conviction had not been effected. The heart had been spell-bound, but it had not been warmed and won.

The secret of these impressions it is not difficult to unfold. Mr. Mann had a quick intellect and a strong intellect, but not an intellect that acted either justly or soundly. He could apprehend with great rapidity, and trace analogies with surprising readiness and

abundance. He conceived with painful vividness, and could describe with startling force. He could illustrate with astonishing aptness, and could gather epithets and comparisons by the armful, and scatter them with wonderful force, at a long range, but he was not true to nature in anything—neither in thought, nor diction, nor imagery, nor epithet, nor appeal. Even the great moral truths which occupied his intellect and absorbed his energies were not so qualified and balanced as to have the effect of truth upon himself or others. They were not so much half-truths as over-truths—truths run-mad—they were so over-stated and extravagantly illustrated and enforced.

This want of mental soundness was, perhaps, most conspicuous in the habit of exaggeration which seemed to have possessed his thinking, his feeling, his rhetoric, his statements, and his denunciations. All these seemed out of proportion to the truth of things and the demands of the occasion. Perhaps no more palpable illustration can be given of his exaggerated representations and inferences than the lecture upon Great Britain which he wrote after his visit to Europe. This lecture he was very fond of delivering, and it always excited profound sensations of admiration towards the writer for his eloquence, and of depreciation towards England for her neglect of her poorer classes. We do not assert that this lecture contained anything that was untrue, but it certainly omitted many things which were true, and so many, that the impression left upon the mind in respect to the philanthropy and the zeal of the English people was totally false. As to the value of their educational institutions and their educational system, it was no better than a gross caricature, if it were not an inexcusable libel.

His representations of the German systems of instruction, and their actual operation, are equally overstrained in respect to both excellences and defects. His whole report of the methods and success of deaf and dumb instruction, especially in the matter of teaching deaf-mutes to articulate, was, at the first reading, so clearly and unequivocally a manifest *romance*, that it scarcely needed any inquiry to set it right. All his conceptions of common schools, in respect to their actual condition when he took them in hand, were marked by either the incapacity or the unwillingness to do justice to the actual benefit which they actually achieved, in respect both of instruction and discipline. Hence he not only aroused that inexcusable opposition which it is the glory of every bold reformer to provoke, but oftentimes that just indignation which could not but be felt by the guardians and teachers who knew that their zeal, their fidelity, and their success were all ridiculed and, as they thought, maligned. It may well be questioned, also, whether Mr. Mann either did have or could have any adequate conception of the difficulties which are inherent in the plans which he so sanguinely projected, and of the absolute impossibility of realizing the ideals which he deemed perfectly rational and sober. We are disposed to give him all credit for the honesty of his intentions. We do not desire to abate one jot or tittle from the honor which he merits in the great movement to elevate and make efficient our public schools. On the other hand, it were most unjust to overlook the fact that many other very able men were in the field long before he appeared; that they had thought and written most earnestly, and that the public mind had given signs of arousing itself long before he had bestirred himself or others. Many such men, also, labored with him in the matter of perfecting the details and practically working the system which the new school laws created, and furnished the good sense in which he was so deficient. While we ascribe to him as large a share of the popularity and success of the new movement as he can fairly claim, we think it also just to impute to him no little responsibility for the quixotism and quackery, the wasteful and unjustifiable extravagance, which have been so conspicuous in the claims and the management of the public schools of the country, as well as for the ignorant and jealous self-conceit which have possessed so many of the administrators and teachers. Horace Mann had in him many of the characteristics of the demagogue, of the higher type indeed, but still of the demagogue, and it is largely owing to the spirit which breathes in his lectures, reports, and journals that there has been

so much of the same spirit in the conduct of all grades of these institutions, in almost every state where they have been established.

Mr. Mann was exceedingly intolerant of opposition. He was so serenely conscious of his own honest intentions, and so serenely unconscious that he could possibly err in judgment or in statement, that the least criticism of his plans, or opposition to his measures, roused him to uncontrollable contempt and anger towards critics and antagonists, and let loose upon them all the fire of his invective and his whole vocabulary—and it was not small—of vituperation. His published replies and his private letters now printed give ample illustration of the truth of this remark. He called his antagonists and critics bigots and ignoramuses, and all manner of hard names, because he persuaded himself that they deserved them. When he transferred himself to the political arena, he carried with him somewhat the same habit of thinking and speaking of his antagonists. If we concede that events have proved that the position which he and his associates took in respect to the slavery interest was both right and wise, they have by no means reconciled the country to the quixotic reasoning, the declamatory invective, and the irritating vituperation which Mr. Mann sanctioned by his example. However much these faults may have been redeemed by the splendor of rhetoric, the pomp of declamation, or the rhythm of finished periods, or however leniently they may have been excused for the goodness of the cause, they have now become tiresome if not disgusting to the mass of thinking and practical men, and will no longer be accepted as the passport to the highest places in the councils of the nation. The times now demand that we have sound thinkers as well as strong thinkers; that our speakers should weight their words with common sense and practical judgment, as well as inflate them into ambitious rhetoric and fine-sounding declamation.

Mr. Mann's superficial habits of mind were manifest in his philosophical and religious system. We do not bring this charge against the opinions which he held, but against his manner of holding them. His opinions in philosophy and theology might seem to us far more superficial and dangerous than they do, and yet not justify his critics in charging him with superficial and intolerant habits. But we must confess our surprise that a person of his activity of mind should for thirty years or more have professed to believe that physiology was the science of sciences, without having mastered it in its principles and details any further than was requisite for the utterance of emphatic commonplaces upon ventilation, exercise, and diet. He was made early a convert to the reality and inexorableness of the moral laws of the universe by the detailed exposition by Combe of a text furnished by Butler. It is surprising that he should not have been excited by the fascinating and sublime speculations which this study introduces to still further essays in this field of inquiry. But it does not appear that he ever studied with any interest the writings of a single author besides those of his *Magnus Apollo*. He never could get beyond the tenet of the Greek philosophers, which more than twenty centuries have put to shame, that light and the knowledge of moral relations will insure obedience and virtue.

He professed to aspire after the triumph of a liberal theology, and to have greatly at heart the establishment of what he called a non-sectarian college. It was his fond hope, his ardent longing, to build up a college in which the ethical principles of Christ sanctioned by his life, should be the only truths recognized or taught as the symbol of agreement or the inspirer of duty. He went to Antioch College with this desire. The Christian denomination had other views of liberal Christianity. They believed that ethical truths need to be enforced by a more definite faith in the person of Christ and in the supernatural influences of the promised Comforter. They accepted Mr. Mann, however, upon what terms of concord does not appear. There is no evidence furnished that he broke these terms, or was unfaithful to their spirit. But we cannot call that man either profound in his thinking or tolerant in his spirit who could write the following sentence: "You heard the question put by Mr. L. to Mr. J. . . . 'Whether the religious teachings of the

college did not tend to make the students live pure and virtuous lives and do good to their fellow-men rather than to love God through faith in Jesus Christ as applied by the Holy Spirit?' Can anything in *Punch* beat this?" The reading of Mr. Mann must have been very limited or very narrow, or his acquaintance with men very unfortunate, or his contempt for their views very inexcusable, if he did not know that not a few whose opinions are entitled to some consideration, do soberly hold that ethical opinions, to be most efficient, must be enforced by a belief in a theological as well as a physiological creed, and that it is eminently narrow and sectarian to despise such men or their opinions. And yet Mr. Mann writes of these men: "My dear sir, there are souls so small that, if a million of them were sprinkled on the polished surface of a diamond, they would not make it dusty." Mr. Mann writes also: "I have a duty to perform in sustaining the inviolability of religious opinions," and yet, in the address delivered to his pupils shortly before his death, "his own last words spoken in public," we find the following: "The descendant of the Puritan is disposed to believe in the doctrine of vicarious atonement, because this getting everything and giving nothing is such a sharp bargain—very much the same plan on which the Puritan ancestor treated the Indians."

But it is time that we had done. We think that, if to possess great faults and great virtues constitutes the "poetry of great natures," Mr. Mann has fulfilled the conditions for this distinction.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"The Humbugs of the World: An Account of Humbugs, Delusions, Impositions, Quackeries, Deceits, and Deceivers Generally, in all Ages." By P. T. Barnum. New York: George W. Carleton. 1866. Pp. 424.

We presume that Mr. Barnum has compiled this book for the same reason that a thief when pursued by a crowd will sometimes shout "Stop thief!" and, thus deceiving his pursuers, escape them. The publisher, too, evidently conscious of the notoriety which attaches to the proprietor of the so-called Museum, is at pains to preface the subject-matter of the volume with a note of his own, in which he pronounces Mr. Barnum "one of the most remarkable men of the age," and backs up his assertions by extracts from two New York papers. This is as it should be. It is fitting that humbug pure and simple should permeate the book from cover to cover, and that author and publisher should make united efforts to accomplish this object.

The various papers which compose the work under review first appeared in an obscure weekly periodical in this city, so Mr. Barnum informs the reader in the introduction. Two chapters are devoted to the abstract idea of humbug, which the author may be supposed to understand practically if not theoretically. Strange as it may seem, he finds himself somewhat puzzled in regard to the true definition of the word. Webster's declaration that humbug, as a noun, is an "imposition under false pretences," and as a verb it is "to deceive, to impose on," Mr. Barnum denies, saying that "with all due deference to Dr. Webster, I submit that, according to the present usage, this is not the only, nor even the generally accepted, definition of that term." The author then adduces several illustrations, the point of which seems to be that the title of humbug can only be applied to a person who uses novel and extraordinary means to attract the attention of the public to his business, and gives a fair return for the money given him; and the person who fails to give an equivalent for the money received is not a humbug but a swindler, a cheat, and an impostor. In this connection Mr. Barnum inveighs against defacing scenery with advertisements in such sensible terms that we cannot refrain from quoting a portion of the passage:

"Any man with a beautiful wife or daughter would probably feel disagreeably if he should find branded indelibly across her smooth white forehead, or on her snowy shoulder, in blue and red letters, such a phrase as this: 'Try the Jiganares Bitters!' Very much like this is the sort of advertising I am speaking of. It is not likely that I shall be charged with squeamishness on this question. I can readily enough see the selfishness and vulgarity of this particular sort of advertising, however. It is outrageously selfish to destroy the pleasure of thousands for

the sake of a chance of additional gain. And it is an atrocious piece of vulgarity to flaunt the names of quack nostrums, and of the coarse stimulants of sots, among the beautiful scenes of nature. The pleasure of such places depends upon their freedom from the associations of everyday concerns, and troubles, and weaknesses. A lovely nook of forest scenery, or a grand rock, like a beautiful woman, depends for much of its attractiveness upon the attendant sense of freedom from whatever is low; upon a sense of purity and of romance. And it is about as nauseous to find 'Bitters' or 'Worm Sirup' daubed upon the landscape as it would be upon the lady's brow."

A portion of the book is devoted to personal reminiscences of the showman, some of which are very entertaining. The story about Monsieur Mangin, the blacklead-pencil maker of Paris, who used to array himself in gorgeous Oriental costume, and from an equally gorgeous chariot would harangue the populace upon the merits of his wares, and, at the proper moment, would offer them for sale, is quite interesting. Mr. Barnum met this personage in Paris, who, as they were about parting, said:

"Mr. B., I have got a grand humbug in my head which I shall put in practice within a year, and it shall double the sale of my pencils. Don't ask me what it is, but within one year you shall see it for yourself, and you shall acknowledge Monsieur Mangin knows something of human nature. My idea is *magnifique*, but it is one grand secret."

"I confess my curiosity was somewhat excited, and I hoped that Monsieur Mangin would 'add another wrinkle to my horns.' But, poor fellow! within four months after I bade him adieu the Paris papers announced his sudden death. They added that he had left two hundred thousand francs, which he had given in his will to charitable objects. The announcement was copied into nearly all the papers on the continent and in Great Britain, for almost everybody had seen or heard of the eccentric pencil-maker."

"I confess I felt somewhat chagrined that the Monsieur had thus suddenly taken 'French leave' without imparting to me the 'grand secret' by which he was to double the sales of his pencils. But I had not long to mourn on that account; for after Monsieur Mangin had been for six months—as they say of John Brown—'moldering in his grave,' judge of the astonishment and delight of all Paris at his reappearance in his native city in precisely the same costume and carriage as formerly, and heralded by the same servant and organ that had always attended him. It now turned out that Monsieur Mangin had lived in the most rigid seclusion for half a year, and that the extensively-circulated announcements of his sudden death had been made by himself merely as an 'advertising dodge' to bring him still more into notice, and give the public something to talk about. I met Mangin in Paris soon after this event."

"Ah, Monsieur Barnum!" he exclaimed, "did I not tell you I had a new humbug that would double the sales of my pencils? I assure you my sales are more than quadrupled, and it is sometimes impossible to have them manufactured fast enough to supply the demand. You Yankees are very clever, but, by gar, none of you have discovered you should live all the better if you would die for six months. It took Mangin to teach you that."

"The patronizing air with which he made this speech, slapping me at the same time familiarly upon the back, showed him in his true character of egotist. Although good-natured and social to a degree, he was really one of the most self-conceited men I ever met. Monsieur Mangin died the present year, and it is said that his heirs received more than half a million francs as the fruit of his eccentric labors."

By far the most interesting portion of the book is the sketch of James C. Adams, or "Grizzly Adams" as he was generally called in commemoration of his numerous adventures as a hunter and trapper in the Rocky Mountains. Old Adams exhibited a menagerie, which was owned equally by himself and Mr. Barnum. The old hunter gave unmistakable signs of dissolution, but so firm on life was his hold that almost in the face of death he contracted with Mr. Barnum to exhibit the menagerie every day for ten weeks for the sum of five hundred dollars. This contract he fulfilled to the letter, despite the predictions of his friends. The old man was sharp to the last, as the following story shows:

"Just before the menagerie left New York, I had paid \$150 for a new hunting-suit, made of beaver-skins, similar to the one which Adams had worn. This I intended for Herr Driesbach, the animal-tamer, who was engaged by me to take the place of Adams whenever he should be compelled to give up. Adams, on starting from New York, asked me to loan this new dress to him to perform in once in a while in a fair day when he had a large audience, for his own costume was considerably soiled. I did so, and now when I handed him his \$500 he remarked:

"Mr. B., I suppose you are going to give me this new hunting-dress."

"Oh no," I replied. "I got that for your successor, who will exhibit the bears to-morrow; besides, you have no possible use for it."

"Now, don't be mean, but lend me the dress, if you won't give it to me, for I want to wear it home to my native village."

"I could not refuse the poor old man anything, and I therefore replied:

"Well, Adams, I will lend you the dress; but you will send it back to me?"

"Yes, when I have done with it," he replied, with an evident chuckle of triumph.

"I thought to myself, he will soon be done with it, and replied:

"That's all right."

"A new idea evidently seized him, for, with a brightening look of satisfaction, he said:

"Now, Barnum, you have made a good thing out of the California menagerie, and so have I; but you will make a heap more. So, if you won't, give me this new hunter's dress, just draw a little writing, and sign it, saying that I may wear it until I have done with it."

"Of course, I knew that in a few days at longest he would be 'done' with this world altogether, and, to gratify him, I cheerfully drew and signed the paper.

"Come, old Yankee, I've got you this time—see if I haven't!" exclaimed Adams, with a broad grin, as he took the paper.

"I smiled, and said:

"All right, my dear fellow; the longer you live, the better I shall like it."

"We parted, and he went to Neponset, a small town near Boston, where his wife and daughter lived. He took at once to his bed, and never rose from it again. The excitement had passed away, and his vital energies could accomplish no more. The fifth day after arriving home, the physician told him he could not live until the next morning. He received the announcement in perfect calmness, and with the most apparent indifference; then, turning to his wife, with a smile, he requested her to have him buried in the new hunting-suit. "For," said he, "Barnum agreed to let me have it until I have done with it, and I was determined to fix his flint this time. He shall never see that dress again." His wife assured him that his request should be complied with. He then sent for the clergyman, and they spent several hours in communing together.

"Adams told the clergyman he had told some pretty big stories about his bears, but he had always endeavored to do the straight thing between man and man. 'I have attended preaching every day, Sundays and all,' said he, 'for the last six years. Sometimes an old grizzly gave me the sermon, sometimes it was a panther; often it was the thunder and lightning, the tempest, or the hurricane on the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, or in the gorges of the Rocky Mountains; but whatever preached to me, it always taught me the majesty of the Creator, and revealed to me the undying and unchanging love of our kind Father in heaven. Although I am a pretty rough customer,' continued the dying man, 'I fancy my heart is in about the right place, and look with confidence to the blessed Saviour for that rest which I so much need, and which I have never enjoyed upon earth.' He then desired the clergyman to pray with him, after which he grasped him by the hand, thanked him for his kindness, and bade him farewell. In another hour his spirit had taken its flight; and it was said by those present that his face lighted up into a smile as the last breath escaped him, and that smile he carried into his grave. Almost his last words were: 'Won't Barnum open his eyes when he finds I have humbugged him by being buried in his new hunting-dress?' That dress was indeed the shroud in which he was entombed. And that was the last on earth of 'Old Grizzly Adams.'"

The remainder of the book is filled with expositions of spiritualism, adulterations in food and drink, quack medicines, and so forth, including the famous miscegenation hoax, most of which, however, have previously appeared in the daily papers. With the exception of the personal reminiscences of the proprietor of the show-shop on Broadway, there is nothing in this volume that is new, though a great deal that will be attractive to the low order of minds to which Mr. Barnum constantly caters. "The Humbugs of the World" is more noticeable for its omissions than its contents. We should have liked to read something about that infamous deception known as the "What Is It?" and also about the bogus Circassian girl and the dwarf yekept General Grant. And why no word about the showman himself? Is it because he is not included in his definition of humbugs? If not a humbug, what is he? Is the reader to infer that he belongs to one of the other class whom he so carefully distinguishes from humbugs? If a man who represents a thing to be what he knows it is not (as this man Barnum confesses that he has done), and takes money from people whom he knows he is deceiving; if such a one is not a humbug, then what is he? Will Mr. P. T. Barnum please answer this question? We do not care to hear what he has in his museum, or what he has done for the temperance cause, or how creditably he conducted himself in the Connecticut legislature; but we want to know whether he is a humbug himself or something worse.

After reading this book carefully, we are forced to the conclusion that it is a humbug. We suspect that Mr. Barnum is not its real author. This suspicion may be ungenerous, but we cannot rid ourselves of it. Granting that he may have appended his name to each article as it appeared in that obscure weekly paper, and

granting that he may have subsequently revised them with his own hand before republishing them in book-form, we do not feel at all sure that the said articles were originally composed by him. Mr. Barnum is so given to practicing humbuggery that nothing would be more natural for him than to hire one or more persons to write out a number of papers and sell them to him, he in turn publishing them as his own. But this suspicion can easily be removed if he will make the necessary affidavits, not one covering the whole book, but one for each chapter in it, setting forth, under oath, that he, Phineas T. Barnum, did compose and write them. Will the showman do this? Dare he do it?

"The Bushranger: a Yankee's Adventures during his Second Visit to Australia." By William H. Thomas, "a returned Australian," author of "The Gold Hunter's Adventures; or, Life in Australia," etc., etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1866. Pp. 480.

Why any one should write and why anyone should read this book is more than we can imagine. It is well, perhaps, that all persons do not guide their reading taste by ours, for some poor authors would then be still poorer, and a large deficit might remain in the pockets of some printers and publishers. The work belongs to a rather large class of books which the Sunday papers would call "exciting tales of thrilling adventure." Well, in anything besides style, it, perhaps, is exciting; so are a good many disagreeable things; and if hairbreadth escapes from drowning, from hanging, from alligators, and bushrangers, with half a dozen murders and villainies thrown in, are thrilling, they certainly can be found here.

A Yankee goes to Australia and assists the police in the capture of numerous criminals and in the extirpation of a band of outlaws. In so doing he rescues the daughter of an English nobleman—stolen from her father when a child by a prize-fighter, and brought up by him as a bar-maid—falls in love with her, and marries her. A fine opportunity is given for a display of American independent self-sovereignty in contrast to British arrogance and toadyism. In about a month the hero is killed twice, but comes opportunely to life; twice escapes from hanging, with the noose around his neck; has his head broken in in several places, yet is always well and quite recovered in the next half-hour, and ready to go on another shooting excursion, to suck poison out of a girl's arm at the risk of his life, or to chaff her highly aristocratic (of the bloated species) old father. The author seems quite at home with ruffians of all kinds, and one would almost think the book written for their perusal, were it not for the high moral tone that is adopted. Perhaps nothing very bad is inculcated, except the division of the robbers' spoils and the little cheating of the government consequent thereon. The book is nicely bound and published by a respectable house, and has very much the appearance of a book for boys, into whose hands we devoutly hope it will never get. Their taste ought to be depraved by no stronger pepper and mustard than they will get in Mayne Reid's wild dishes, and they should not be introduced to books of this class any more than to "Jack Sheppard" or "Claude Duval."

"Anecdotes of Printers, Engravers, Sculptors, and Architects, and Curiosities of Art." By S. Spooner, M.D. In three volumes. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1865.

A work like this, even when executed with vivacity of thought and brilliancy of style, offers to criticism few salient points, and is necessarily so wanting in unity of effect that it can hardly be judged as a whole. A succession of pleasant stories about famous lives holds the interest, but scarcely provokes attention to the manner of the story-teller, unless it is very jejune and awkward.

Dr. Spooner shows himself a careful and conscientious collector of all known anecdotes concerning art and artists, and he develops in the course of his three volumes a pleasant purpose of biography. The stories of each master are placed in such order as to convey some history of his life; but there is no grouping of the resulting narratives according to the different periods and spirits of art; and the fatigued mind of the reader is obliged to "fetch great bounds" from Benjamin West to Apelles, from Michael Angelo to Wash-

ington Allston, from Gilbert Charles Stuart to the Diana of the Ephesians.

Of original criticism there appears to be nothing in the book. The compiler quotes the received opinions in the language of famous writers on art where he can, and rehearses them in his own language where he cannot quote them. His style of narration is scarcely to be called sprightly, but it is for the most part unambitious. At times, indeed, he drops into a simplicity of manner which would be delightful in Vasani, but which gives Dr. Spooner the appearance of writing for young persons exclusively, and recalls the style of the anecdotes in Ollendorff.

On the whole, and in despite of their defects, the three volumes are full of charming stuff for vacant half-hours. No one would dream of reading them otherwise than desultorily; but read so, every one may find pleasure and instruction in them.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

"THE Book of Rubies," just published by Messrs. Scribner & Co., is a handsome volume, which just misses being a beautiful one. The style of its typography—the pages being surrounded by red lines, and the initial letters being printed in the same color—is something of a novelty in this country. We have, of course, seen red lines around the pages of American books, but not to any great extent, and never, that we can recall, in volumes of selections like this, where they strike us as exceedingly appropriate, framing in roses, as it were, the ripe, sweet fancies of the poets. The difficulty which attends good color-printing, even on so simple a scale as in mere red lines, is much greater than the reader may imagine, our colors being inferior to those used on the other side, and our printers unskilled in their use. Compared with the best foreign specimens of similar typography, a want of uniformity in color is visible in ours, and a lack of sharpness in the lines, especially when they happen to be fine. Our colored inks blur more than the European ones, and, what is equally as bad, leave perceptible spaces on the surfaces on which they are laid. Thus much of American color-printing in general. For the specimen before us, it is on the whole, we think, the best that we have yet seen, though it still leaves something to be desired. We should have preferred sharp corners to the page lines, instead of the present rounded ones, with their little sprigs of clover, or something of the sort—we hardly know what is intended beyond a tiny and appropriate bit of ornamentation. The initial letters are noticeable for their novelty, and the gracefulness of the vines, leaves, etc., by which they are surrounded; yet they are not entirely to our taste, being a little too large for the pages. Besides, when the lines of the poems quoted extend to the ten syllables which make the common heroic, the indentations of the opening stanza are seldom or never parallel with those below, an effect anything but pleasant to the eye accustomed to uniformity and proportion. In spite of these drawbacks, which after all are trifles, perhaps, the book is a handsome one, and will be voted interesting by nine readers of poetry out of ten; the tenth man may not like it, the nine are sure to, and they certainly are worth catering for. From the two or three hundred "rubies" of which it is the casket, we select one almost at random, and it happens to be from a mine which will be worked no more—on earth at least—the tender heart of poor George Arnold:

SERENADE.

I hear the dry-voiced insects call.
And "Come," they say, "the night grows brief!"
I hear the dew-drops pattering fall
From leaf to leaf—from leaf to leaf.
Your night lamp glimmers fitfully;
I watch below, you sleep above;
Yet on your blind I seem to see
Your shadow, love—your shadow, love!
The roses in the night wind sway,
Their petals glistening with the dew;
As they are longing for the day,
I long for you—I long for you!
But you are in the land of dreams;
Your eyes are closed, your gentle breath
So faintly comes, your slumber seems
Almost like death—almost like death!
Sleep on; but may my music twine
Your sleep with strands of melody,
And lead you, gentle love of mine,
To dream of me—to dream of me!

A UNIQUE and, in many respects, beautiful volume is the illustrated edition of Miss Jean Ingelow's charming idyllic series of life-poems, "Songs of Seven," just published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston. The illus-

trations consist of nine figure-pieces, six vignettes, and seven full-page drawings of landscapes, which last are among the finest—if, indeed, not the finest—that have ever appeared in an American book. Would that they were due to American art—the talent of our draughtsmen and the cunning of our engravers! But they are not, unhappily; the drawings, if we understand rightly, having been made by an English artist named North, and the engraving done by the well-known Dalziel Brothers, who stand at the head of their profession in England. The best of these designs are, perhaps, the third and seventh of the series, the former illustrating the lines in "Seven Times Three."

"I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;"
the latter the lines in "Seven Times Seven."

"There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me!"

In the first a girl by no means beautiful looks out of the lighted window of an old-fashioned country house on a river which lies darkly against its walls, reflecting the shadowy trees on its banks and the soft, sweet evening stars, which burn whitely through the heavens. Nothing can be more homely and simple, and nothing in the way of a night-piece finer; the air is damp with dew, and rich with the smell of dead leaves—an odorous, dreamy, country night, touched with pensive thought, and embittered, it may be, with tender regrets. Very different is the closing picture: an elderly woman on a little rustic bridge in a bit of shore-woods, beyond which you catch a glimpse of the sea, and over and through which the sunlight—the clear sunlight of autumn—pours, lighting the scene, which, nevertheless, is not remarkable for cheerfulness—penetrated, it would seem, with the cold brightness of nature. These strike us as being the best of the landscapes, all of which are however good, foliage being well rendered by a process which resembles etching, and light and distance very cleverly indicated. Just the slightest tinge of Pre-Raphaelism adds to the charms of these drawings, which will bear looking at again and again. Of the remainder of the illustrations we cannot speak so warmly, the figure-pieces being rather weak in conception, and not particularly well drawn. Are we mistaken in thinking them the work of Mr. Hammett Billings? A good steel portrait of Miss Ingelow—a sensible, well-looking lady, we are glad to see—adds to the permanent value of the volume, which is beautifully printed, we had nearly forgotten to say, with very brilliant red lines inclosing each page of the text. We predict a success for the "Songs of Seven."

Mr. J. H. MORRELL, old book dealer, of this city, is desirous of publishing, by subscription, a new theatrical history, entitled "Records of the New York Stage, Historical and Biographical, from 1750 to 1860," by H. N. D. He proposes to limit the edition to 260 copies, 200 in octavo, at \$15 per copy, and 60 in quarto, at \$30 per copy; the work to be complete in two volumes of about 600 pages each. Who the writer is—what *nominis umbra* stands behind the initials H. N. D., we are not told, nor what are his qualifications for his task, further than that he contributed to the *Evening Mirror*, a number of years ago, a series of articles entitled "Fifty Years of a Playgoer's Journal," which appears to have been well spoken of at the time. Not having seen the articles in question we have, of course, no opinion to express, further than this, that the ability to write clever newspaper sketches by no means includes the ability to write history or biography, both of which necessarily figure in a regular and consecutive work on the stage, such as we conceive the one announced is intended to be.

A MARVEL of cheapness in these days of dear books is the edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" just issued by Messrs. Bunce and Huntington, at the low price of thirty cents per copy. It forms the fifth number of their popular series of favorite volumes, "The Cottage Library," and, in addition to the world-famous text of the "inspired tinker," is illustrated with some six or eight designs by the facile pencil of John Gilbert. The cheapest edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" ever published is now selling in London at one penny a copy! To remunerate the publishers the sale must, of course, be very large.

WE called attention last week to the destitution of Mr. Henry Giles, of Boston; this week we are obliged to chronicle a death which we fear resulted from the same cause, that of Mr. J. Ross Dix, who occasioned the following note in our daily journals:

BROOKLYN, NOV. 8, 1865.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNION:

Will you please give publicity to the case of Mr. Geo. Spencer Phillips, a late resident of Brooklyn, and well known in literary circles under the *nom de plume* of J. Ross Dix? The old gentleman died last evening in very

destitute circumstances, and has left no clue to his relatives or friends.

The lady with whom he boarded—a poor widow—has taken every care of him for a long time without any pecuniary remuneration from him, and his body is now left on her hands without the means of burial. By calling the attention of the liberal citizens of Brooklyn to this notice, you will remove a great load from her, and aid in the greatest of all charities.

Mr. Phillips was a native of Bristol, England, and is believed to have parents residing there. All communications can be sent to the *Union*, or to

MRS. CRAWFORD,
No. 242 Adams Street, Brooklyn.

Of Mr. Dix, or rather Mr. Phillips, we know but little, except that he has lately been publishing a series of "Recollections" through the columns of the *New York Leader*, whose editor says: "We knew less of Mr. Phillips than of any other contributor to this paper. His 'Recollections' we purchased from him, in full, and they were not written for us from week to week as series of articles usually are. We were not even aware of his fatal illness."

Mr. Phillips first attracted attention in this country by a series of literary reminiscences, originally published some fifteen or twenty years ago, in the Boston *Atlas* under the *nom de plume* of "Cosmopolitan." They were widely copied, and added so much to the circulation of the *Atlas*, we have heard, that its proprietors found it to their interest to send Mr. Phillips to England to collect materials for a second series of similar articles, which, we believe, never appeared. We never had any great faith in the accuracy of Mr. Phillips's statements concerning the notable persons of whom he wrote. That he may have been somewhat acquainted with some of the minor ones is possible, since it is not difficult in any country for an intelligent and gentlemanly man to meet and converse with the makers of books; but that he knew the great writers of England personally and intimately, we never could persuade ourselves from reading his chatty recollections of their homes, haunts, and habits. Mr. Phillips must have been known, however, in England, before he came to this country, for, as far back as 1837, he published an edition of Chatterton, which contained, if we remember rightly, considerable new material, among other things an account of the death of the poet, and the testimony of his landlady at the coroner's inquest, a life-like bit of reportorial writing, ostensibly from a newspaper of the time, but really, we have somewhere read, a literary forgery by Mr. Phillips himself, who would probably have excused himself for adding to the Chattertonian fictions by the example of Chatterton himself. Like his earlier papers, the later articles of Mr. Phillips possessed the merit of being eminently readable, despite an unusual amount of what the English critics call "padding," a fault which applies in a still greater degree to the literary reminiscences of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, a portion of which appeared simultaneously, not long since, in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *London Art Journal*. When and where poor Mr. Phillips was buried, we have not learned. Wherever it was, may the earth lie lightly on his grave!

FOREIGN.

THE most irregular verb in the English language is the verb "go," if we may credit the story which is related of an American who was teaching a German English, and who gave him the following as its conjugations: "I go, thou wentest, he departed, we made tracks, you cut sticks, they skeddaddled." The German asked for a repetition of it, and found that it varied every time: clear the coop, vamoose the ranche, and similar synonyms taking the place of the first-mentioned irregularities. The English that a German would be likely to be taught by a waggish American—such a one, for instance, as Artemus Ward—would be anything but the good old mother-tongue of Shakespeare and the Bible—a puddle of muddy American instead of the "well of English undefiled."

To show the extraordinary forgetfulness which sometimes overtakes the makers of books, we may mention that the new edition of Routledge's "Men of the Times," a volume of 860 closely-printed double-column pages, does not contain the names of Herbert Spencer and Ernest Rénan!

THE sixteenth part of Mr. Howard Staunton's photographic fac-simile of the first folio of Shakespeare has just been published, and the work is now complete.

Mr. S. BARING GOULD, in his recently published work on celebrated post-medieval preachers, gives the following specimen of clerical vituperation from a sermon by Père Guérin against some immoral poems of Theopilus Viaud: "Cursed be the hand which wrote them! Woe to the publisher who had them printed! Woe to those who have read them! Woe to those who have ever made the author's acquaintance! But blessed be Monsieur le pre-

mier President, blessed be M. le Procureur-Général, who have purged our Paris of this plague. You are the originator of the plague in this city; I would say, after the Rev. Father Garasse, that you are a scoundrel, a great calf! But no; shall I call you a calf? Veal is good when boiled, veal is good when roast, calfskin is good for binding books; but yours, miscreant, is only fit to be well grilled, and that it will be to-morrow! You have raised the laugh at monks, and now the monks will laugh at you."

Very different was the buffoonery of one Gabriel Barlette, a Dominican monk, who, speaking of Christ's temptation, said: "After this victory over Satan, the blessed Virgin sends him the dinner she had prepared for herself—cabbage, soup, spinach, and perhaps even sardines."

Here, however, is something better, from the sermons of Joseph de Barzia, Bishop of Cadiz, who was particularly happy in his illustrations: "It is worth noting the manner in which the sea-crab gets an oyster and eats it. In the morning early the oyster gapes, that it may bask in the sun-beams. Then up steals the crab, not boldly advancing upon the fish, or it would at once close its shell and escape him or clutch him tight by his claws. What course does the crafty animal adopt? It takes a little pebble and tosses it into the oyster. This prevents the valves from closing, and then he rushes up and devours the oyster at his leisure. Soul of man! just so comes the Evil One towards thee; not alluring thee to some sin of horrible deadliness, but flinging a little pebble—a tiny fault—into thy heart; and if thou cast it not from thee at once, but keepest thy heart still unclosed, he obtaineth an entry and destroyeth thee utterly."

MR. THOMAS MILLER, who started his literary career as "The Basket-Maker," writing charming rural verses of the Clare and Bloomfield order, after which he passed to novel-writing, we trust with more success financially, has just published a volume of pretty little poems, entitled "Songs of the Seasons for My Children," from which we take this delicious bit of description of a country pool:

"In that same pool another scene
Will flock with light those shadows green,
When the sheep-washers gather there;
And many a bleating sound you'll hear
As in the water they are roll'd,
Then dripping, left to find the fold.
The little lambs all standing high,
Look on with a strange wondering eye,
And say, perhaps, to one another,
'Why, they've half drown'd my poor old mother!'
What a sweet smell floats every way
Upon the air, of new-mown hay:
The high-piled wagons pass the lane,
Are emptied and sent back again.
The horses of their own accord
Go plashing through the shallow ford;
And the dear children placed inside,
Delighted, through the water ride.
And in the field they run and shout,
And tumble all the hay about;
And as they bury one another,
Some little fellow they half smother.
And then there is a hue to do,
To coax, and kiss, and bring him to."

"THE Literature and Curiosity of Dreams," a couple of entertaining volumes just published by Mr. Frank Seafeld, M.A., contains, among other singularities of sleep, a number of self-fermented dreams, the result of the experiments of M. Maury:

"1. His lips and nose were tickled by his coadjutor with a feather. He dreamed that he was subjected to horrible tortures; that a pitch-plaster was applied to his face, which was then roughly withdrawn, denuding the lips and cheeks.

"2. A pair of tweezers were struck close to his ears by scissors. He dreamed that he heard the ringing of bells, which speedily passed into the tocsin, and suggested June, 1848.

"3. He was made to smell eau de Cologne. He dreamed that he was in the shop of a perfumer, which led the fancy to the east, and to the shop of Jean Farina, in Cairo!

"4. He was made to feel the heat and smell of a burning match, and the wind at the time whistled through the shutters. He dreamed that he was at sea, and that the powder-room of the vessel blew up.

"5. His neck was slightly pinched. He dreamed that a blister was applied; and then there arose the recollection of a physician who had treated him in youth.

"6. A piece of red-hot iron was held close to his face for such a length of time as to communicate a slight heat. He dreamed of bandits who got into houses and applied hot irons to the feet of the inhabitants, in order to extract money from them. This idea suggested that of the Duchess d'Abrantes, who he conceived had chosen him as secretary, in whose memoirs he had read of chauffeurs, or bandits, who burned people.

"7. The word 'parafarmanus' was pronounced close to his ear. He heard nothing; but on a repetition of the attempt while in bed, the word 'maman' was followed only by a dream of the hum of bees. When the experiment was repeated some days subsequently, and when

he was falling asleep, he dreamed of two or three words, 'Azor, Castor, Leonore,' which were attributed to the interlocutors in his dream. The sound of 'chandeliers, harelle' awoke him while pronouncing the words 'c'est elle,' but without any recollection of the idea attached to the expression.

"8. A drop of water falling on the brow suggested a dream of Italy, great thirst, and a draught of orvietto.

"9. A light, surrounded by a red paper, was repeatedly passed before his eyes. He dreamed of a storm of lightning, which reproduced a violent tempest which he had encountered between Morlaix and Havre."

THE Duc de Grammont-Caderousse, the last of his house, died lately at an early age. "He killed," says an English journal, "in a duel with swords, the young English editor of *Le Sport*, a turf journal in Paris. At some trifling matter Caderousse took offense and challenged the editor, who, for the honor of his country, took a few lessons in the art of being slain by a skillful swordsman, and was stretched dead upon the field in the shortest space of time. The mother of that only son was rendered destitute by his death; but, on the other hand, Caderousse wore mourning for a day."

PERSONAL.

AMERICAN.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE is about to publish, through the American News Company, a volume of patriotic selections, under the title of "Poems, Lyrical, Narrative, and Satirical, on the Civil War." The collection will differ from those of Mr. Frank Moore, which were general *omnium gatherum* of verse, good, bad, and indifferent, in that it will preserve only the best pieces born of the struggle, the poetry of the Rebellion—which will be so managed as to represent the succession of incident, and the growth and changes of popular feeling.

We regret to have to chronicle the passing away of a brilliant spirit in the death of Mr. George Arnold, who expired on the morning of the 9th, after an illness of about two months, at Strawberry Farms, New Jersey. Mr. Arnold was still a young man, completing his thirty-first year a few months since, but he had lived long enough to make "troops of friends," whom his death will sadden, and to leave a mark in the literature of his day, it may be in that of his time. In his peculiar walk of journalism he had no peer in the country. What this walk was, is known to the readers of his "McArone" papers, which were the feature of all the journals in which they appeared, beginning with *Vanity Fair*, just after the breaking out of the rebellion, and ending with the *Weekly Review*, to which Mr. Arnold was a regular contributor, previous to his painful and fatal illness. Commencing as a mere burlesque on the letters which Alexander Dumas was, or had been, writing to his journal in Paris, concerning himself and his travels in Italy, if we remember rightly, the "McArone" papers ran on month after month, and year after year, reflecting the changes of the time with as much good sense as wit, and with unflagging liveliness, the latest of them being among the best things that Mr. Arnold ever wrote. He contributed largely to *Vanity Fair* and to *Mrs. Grundy*, the bent of his genius leading him to the humorous and the satirical, in preference to the grave and the pathetic. That he had a vein of melancholy in his nature, a sweet and tender sadness to which most bright and beautiful things ministered, followed, as a matter of course; for every medal has its reverse, and the reverse of humor is pathos. This side of him was reflected in his poetry, which was apparently thrown off without study, and frequently, on that very account, "snatched a grace beyond the reach of art." Its flavor, faint as it sometimes is, is delicious, bearing the same relation to much of the popular poetry of the day that the scent of a wild flower does to the odor of a pungent but cheap cologne. One of his most popular poems, "The Jolly Old Pedagogue," was written for THE ROUND TABLE, which highly prized the facile and genial pen of its writer in other walks of literature. Besides what he wrote in verse, and humorous or witty prose, Mr. Arnold was a good art critic, as he was fitted to be by his early associations, a portion of his youth having been passed in the studio of Mr. Thomas Hicks, the portrait-painter, of this city, under whom he studied, his companion in letters, Mr. N. G. Shepherd, known through his poems in "Harper's Monthly," keeping him company at the time in the studio of Mr. Jasper Cropsey, the landscape-painter, which was in the same building, and on the same floor. Neither of the young gentlemen became artists, except, at a later period, in words, which are frequently more durable than colors. May it be so with the musical ones of the poor young poet, over whose cold dust so many of his friends are weeping!

We give below one of the latest of Mr. Arnold's poems, if not, indeed, the very latest that he wrote. In

the note which accompanied it, and which bears the date of Sept. 30, he says: "Here is my first rhyming effort since I have been disabled. I have long entertained the idea, but have not hitherto found opportunity to tranquilly work it up. Such as it is, I offer it to THE ROUND TABLE, fresh from the crucible, and hope you will adjudge it worthy."

THE MATRON YEAR.

I.

THE leaves that made our forest pathways shady
Begin to rustle down upon the breeze;
The year is fading, like a stately lady
Who lays aside her youthful vanities:
Yet, while the memory of her beauty lingers
She cannot wear the livery of the old,
So Autumn comes, to paint with frosty fingers
Some leaves with hues of crimson and of gold.

II.

The Matron's voice filled all the hills and valleys
With full-toned music, when the leaves were young,
While now, in forest dells and garden-alleys,
A chirping, reedy song at eve is sung;
Yet sometimes, too, when sunlight gilds the morning,
A carol bursts from some half-naked tree,
As if, her slow but sure decadence scorning,
She woke again the olden melody.

III.

With odoriferous May-buds, sweet as youthful pleasures,
She made her beauty bright and debonaire;
But now, the sad earth yields no floral treasures,
And twines no roses for the Matron's hair:
Still can she not all lovely things surrender;
Right regal is her drapery even now—
Gold, purple, green, inwrought with every splendor,
And clustering grapes in garlands on her brow!

IV.

In June, she brought us tufts of fragrant clover
Rife with the wild bee's cheery monotone,
And, when the earliest bloom was past and over,
Offered us sweeter scents from fields new-mown:
Now, upland orchards yield, with pattering laughter,
Their red cheeked bounty to the groaning wain,
And heavy-laden racks go creeping after,
Piled high with sheaves of golden-bearded grain.

V.

Ere long, when all to love and life are clinging,
And festal holly shines on every wall,
Her knell shall be the New Year bells, out-ringing;
The drifted snow, her stainless burial-pall:
She fades and falls, but proudly and sedately,
This Matron Year, who has such largess given,
Her brow still tranquil, and her presence stately,
As one who, losing earth, holds fast to Heaven!

G. A.

M. THEOPHILE GAUTIER has lately published a novel, entitled "La Belle Jenny," beside which the sensation stories of Miss Braddon, Wilkie Collins, and others of that ilk are probability itself. We mention this fact for the benefit of any of our publishers who may wish to astound their countrymen with "the greatest book of the age."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

AMERICAN.

MESSRS. ALEXANDER STRAHAN & Co. announce "Lives of Indian Officers: forming a Biographical History of their Civil and Military Services," by John W. Kaye; "The Reign of Law," by the Duke of Argyll; "Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Europe," by G. Muir Mackenzie and A. P. Irby; "Christ the Light of the World," by C. J. Vaughan; "Eastward," by Norman Macleod; "Hymns and Hymn-Writers of Germany," by the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson; "Theology and Life," by E. H. Plumtre, M.A.; "Men and Money," by Jeremiah Gotthelf; "Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects," by Sir John F. W. Herschel; "The Working-man and the Franchise," by Frederick Denison Maurice; "Spanish Scenes," by the author of "Flemish Interiors;" and "The Magic Mirror: A Round of Tales for the Young," by William Gilbert. The new works, however, now in the press of Messrs. Strahan & Co. most likely to interest American readers are, "Stories told to a Child," by Miss Jean Ingelow; and "London Idyls," a new volume of poems by Mr. Robert Buchanan. Messrs. Strahan & Co. are also the American publishers of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.'s new magazine, "The Argosy," the first number of which will be issued on the first day of December, at the good old-fashioned price of twenty-five cents a copy.

Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston have in the press a new volume by Miss Harriet B. McKeever, author of "Edith's Ministry," etc., entitled "The Woodcliff Children," being the first of a series of six volumes for young people, under the general title of "The Woodcliff Library;" an illustrated edition of the late Mrs. Sigourney's "Poetical Works;" an edition of "Krummacher's Parables," with twenty-five original designs; "The Homes and Haunts of Cowper, the Poet," with a portrait and fifteen illustra-

tions; new editions of Miss Caroline May's "American Female Poets," and the late Dr. Bethune's "British Female Poets;" and an elegant library edition of "The Works of Josephus," in four volumes, with a portrait on steel, etc.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers have in preparation "The Recollections and Correspondence of Madame Récamier," and a new volume by Mr. W. R. Alger.

Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co. have just ready "The Art of Confectionery, with Various Methods of Preserving Fruits and Fruit Juices, the Preparations of Jams and Jellies, etc., etc.," and "Golden Hair: a Tale of the Pilgrim Fathers."

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will soon publish "Tales and Extravaganzas," by Thomas Hood, and "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," two early volumes by Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne, author of "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Chastelard."

Mr. G. W. Carleton will shortly publish "The Love-life of Dr. Kane," concerning which and its authoress we had something to say in THE ROUND TABLE a few weeks since.

FOREIGN.

MR. G. W. DASENT will soon publish a translation from the Icelandic, entitled "Gisli, the Outlaw."

Mr. Thomas Todd Stoddart has in the press "An Angler's Rambles among the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland."

Professor John Stuart Blackie has in preparation "Homer and the Iliad. In Three Parts. Part I. Homeric Dissertations; Part II. The Iliad in English Verse; Part III. Commentary, Philological and Archaeological." The work will be completed in three volumes octavo.

Lieut.-Col. Forbes Leslie has nearly ready "The Early Races of Scotland and their Monuments."

Mr. George Wallis is about to publish a series of biographical sketches, entitled "The Royal House of Tudor."

Mr. Walter Simson announces "A History of the Gipsies, with Specimens of the Gipsy Language."

Miss Eliza Meteyard will speedily publish the second and concluding volume of her "Life of Josiah Wedgwood."

The late Sir Lascelles Wrexall left a novel in the press, called "Fides, or the Beauty of Mayence."

Dr. George Hartzig announces "The Harmonies of Nature and the Unity of Creation."

Mrs. F. E. Bunnell, the translator of Grimm's "Life of Michael Angelo," has in the press a translation of Baron Alfred von Wolzogen's "Raphael Santi: His Life and His Works."

Capt. Gronow, an old dandy of the days of the Prince Regent, has nearly ready a new volume of reminiscences.

Archdeacon Smith has in preparation a couple of philological works, with the titles, "Common Words with Curious Derivations," and "Synonyms and Antonyms."

The Rev. John Cumming, the Second Adventist, will soon publish "Behold the Bridegroom Cometh: The Last Warning Cry."

Mr. S. W. Fullom has in the press "The Mystery of the Soul: A Search into Man's Origin, Nature, and Destiny."

Mr. Cyrus Redding will soon publish a couple of volumes of his reminiscences under the title of "Past Celebrities whom I have Known."

Admiral Sir George Collier has nearly ready "France on the Eve of the Great Revolution."

Mr. John Timbs has in preparation "Club Life of London, with Anecdotes of the Clubs, Coffee Houses, and Taverns of the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries."

Mr. C. Englehardt is about to publish "Denmark in the Early Iron Age."

The Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., has in the press "The Church of England a Portion of Christ's One Holy Catholic Church, and a Means of Restoring Visible Unity."

Mr. R. Morris is printing a new edition of Chaucer's "Poetical Works," the text of which is founded on that of the Harleian MS. No. 7,334, improved readings being occasionally introduced from other MSS., the latter being distinguished by italics, so that all variations from the foundation MS. may be at once apparent.

Mr. Edward Willerforce has in the press "The Life of Franz Schubert," a translation from the German of Dr. Kriessle von Hellborn.

Sir Edmund Head has in the press "Viga Glums Saga," a translation from the Icelandic, with notes and an introduction.

Dr. G. H. Kingsley, a brother of the two novelists of that name, will shortly publish, for the Early English Text Society, a new edition of Francis Thynne's interesting criticisms on Speght's edition of Chaucer in 1598.

AGENTS FOR THE ROUND TABLE.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1865.

It was the intention of the conductors of THE ROUND TABLE, at the time of resuming the publication of the paper, to restrict the advertisements to four pages. This purpose was formed in accordance with their plan to publish a journal which should be a welcome visitor to every intelligent family in the country, to which end they felt bound to furnish an unusually large quantity of good reading matter. It seems, however, that the fact of the rapidly increasing circulation of the paper has come to the knowledge of advertisers, and they have, therefore, hastened to avail themselves of this medium of communicating with the general public. This places THE ROUND TABLE in a dilemma. Should the flow of advertising favors continue, in order to supply the quantity of reading matter which it deems due to its subscribers it will be compelled either to advance its price for advertising or issue a supplementary sheet for the accommodation of both readers and advertisers. At all events, the reading pages of the paper shall not be trespassed upon to any greater extent than they are this week.

VILLAINY IN WALL STREET.

WALL STREET has just adjourned a session of the financial "Donnybrook Fair." The crippled heads and the lusty bruisers have hauled off. Tristram Burgess said, in Congress, that after a political convention in Kentucky little niggers went about with baskets picking up and counting the slit noses and clipped ears that covered the ground. We wish to send that basket around for a moment. Here is a railway company (the Prairie du Chien) represented by 30,000 shares of stock. A clique organized capital, purchased and locked up, we will say, 20,000 of those shares. This was done quietly. Then, by various representations and tricks well known in the trade, men were made to believe that the stock was about to decline in market value, and thereupon these men sold, at the market price we will say, 20,000 of these shares, to be delivered at a future time. They expected that before the time for delivery arrived they would be able to purchase the stock at a lower figure, and thus profit by the difference between the price at which they sold and the price at which they could buy. The time for delivery arrived, and they found that the stock which they expected to get was not to be had, and, therefore, they were compelled to pay whatever price the clique who held it chose to demand; consequently a stock selling at about sixty dollars per share suddenly rose to two hundred and twenty dollars per share. If these "short sellers," as they are called, had been compelled

to give that enhanced price for only 10,000 shares, they would have paid out, over and above the ordinary market value, one million and a half dollars. The incidents attending this transaction are curious. One man found himself, in five days, a loser of \$20,000, having bought the stock on the flip of a penny. Another man wanted to make a few hundreds, and, being on the right side, found himself credited with \$50,000. Another sent by mail a notice to his broker to sell for future delivery; and on seeing the enhanced price quoted in the papers counted himself bankrupt by thousands, until he found that his order had failed to reach its destination. Another wished to pay for a dinner, bought a few shares to hold for a couple of days, and made in that time a profit of \$5,000. What do Wall and Broad Streets say to this style of operating? Why, every loser says it is a "swindle," and every gainer says he did a "good thing." Each man regulates his opinion by the condition of his pocket, while the outsiders merely regret that they were not in at the rise.

But what shall honest men say of such transactions? Knowing that the parties concerned are aware of the risks incurred, and that no principle of morality ever governed them, they should be left to the fate of the Kilkenny cats. All political economists hold that speculators are, on the whole, a benefit to society, because their operations tend to the equalization of prices. We never had patience with those who held that the high price of gold during the war was due to "unprincipled speculators." In times of peace the speculators never put gold an eighth of one per cent. above par. The inference is almost conclusive that other and deeper causes than speculative operations enhanced the price of gold. In fact, nine-tenths of commercial men speculate as wildly in their particular business as the stock gamblers, if they see the opportunity. The brokers say that a majority of their customers lose money. The large operators know this well, and a large part of the money sent out to develop the resources of our territories comes from these men, who are always seeking something outside of their regular business that promises to pay well. Unquestionably, the rapid growth of Nevada, Colorado, Idaho, and the western states generally, is due directly to the wild speculative fevers that come upon us. But, let every man who thinks of taking a "flyer" remember the experience of the oldest operators, that stock gambling never pays, as a rule.

While speculation in general business pursuits has at least an economical justification in the adjustment of trade, no such plea can be entertained for this Prairie du Chien transaction. It is a downright, barefaced, shameless swindle. It is even worse than gambling. In faro the player knows that the chances are against him, and he plays in the face of these chances. But in this case the cards were staked and the dice loaded. The morality of the deed is on a par with that of forging a check or picking a pocket; and if exact justice were done, every man who participated in this scoundrelly conspiracy would spend his ten or fifteen years at Sing Sing. It is a shame that the Monroe Edwardses, the Huntingtons, the Ketchums, and the Jenkines should be compelled to face the music of a long imprisonment when others, really as guilty as they, should go scot free. It is time that Wall Street purged itself of the scoundrels who get up stock "corners." The Street ought to be made too hot to hold them. Nor are they obscure individuals. Their names are known; their offices can be pointed out. Some of them undoubtedly are members of the Stock Exchange, and perhaps of the Christian Church. All of them are heavy operators, having business connections with honorable men. Hereafter, whoever intrusts business to these persons must expect to share their guilt, or, what is quite as likely, run the risk of being cheated by them. Were this transaction the only one of the kind on the Street, it might be passed over without special notice. But, unhappily, it is not. It indicates a very low standard of morality in certain of our financial circles. How can we complain of official corruption when swindling is of so frequent occurrence in Wall Street? Why denounce the municipal "ring" and the cormorants who suck the life-blood from our municipal and state governments, when men with honorable names

and wide business connections are engaged in operations as criminal as the deeds of the foot-pad, and as shameless as the wiles of the wanton? If New York is to hold the position to which it is entitled by its size, its wealth, its enterprise, and its business, it must put down, once and for ever, all such dishonorable and dishonest transactions as this "corner" in Prairie du Chien stock.

THE LESSON OF THE ELECTIONS.

THERE are circumstances connected with the recent state elections which entitle them to graver comment than they can claim as mere party triumphs or defeats. In but one instance was there any issue at stake save which of the two contending parties should get into office. The democrats of New Jersey went into the campaign on questions which divided the people three years ago, and were handsomely beaten, as they deserved. They may have learned by this time that the world moves, and that the only way to avoid moving with it is to go out of existence. The question of slavery is settled. Negroes are henceforth free men, no matter whether the privilege of full citizenship be accorded to them or not; and a party that at this late day proposes to fight over again the battles of years that are gone, and in the face of the moral sentiment of the whole civilized world, merits just what it has received in New Jersey—an overwhelming defeat. The contest in New York may be taken as the representative of the contests in all the other states, except the one just mentioned. The democratic party audaciously changed front, avowed its confidence in a man whom its orators and presses had within a year denounced in as virulent a style as the English language would admit of, and boldly threw down the gauntlet to its opponents to vie with it in support of this same man and the measures for the reconstruction of the Union which he, as President, had inaugurated. Never was there an instance of political tactics so daring. And as if to make assurance doubly sure, the democrats selected their most prominent candidates for office from the republican party, and then plunged into the canvass with a dash that temporarily alarmed their opponents. The latter held their convention, adopted a platform consistent with their previous course, and went into the contest expectant of success. So identical were the principles avowed by each party, so persistently did each claim to be the chief supporter of President Johnson, that the only issue at stake was whether republicans or democrats should hold certain state offices. Of course, such a struggle had little interest for the intelligent portion of the people, and the republicans easily retained the supremacy which they have held in this state, almost uninterruptedly, since the Fremont campaign of 1856.

The verdict of the people is right. The democratic party acted a hypocritical part throughout. It professed a most abiding confidence and a strong regard for President Johnson, despite the fact that certain features of his reconstruction policy were directly contrary to its previously pronounced views—and for what? Simply that it might get into office and share the patronage of which it has been deprived so long. This is the truth of the whole matter. Its mission as a party is ended. No doubt many very patriotic men acted with it during the war, and have just voted for its candidates from the purest motives. Still the fact remains and is patent to the country that the predictions of the party that it was impossible to conquer eight millions of people, that the debt was so enormous that it could never be paid, that the republican party could never bring the war to a successful close, or harmonize the country afterward—all these have subsequent events proven false. And now, notwithstanding it changed its front and professed the very views which its opponents held, it is again defeated. Nothing remains for it but to pass out of existence.

The election being over, it is to be hoped that each party will act with perfect honesty, without semblance or dissemblance. Each owes it to itself and to the country to deal fairly by the administration. To the republican party has been committed the charge of readjusting the relations between the North and South upon a basis which is to endure for

all time. Never had a party a more glorious opportunity than this. The problem is to restore the Union in such a manner that no injustice shall be done to any section or any class of people, and no issues be left unsettled which may ever be committed to the sword for arbitrament. On the other hand, if the democratic party would purge itself of the odium which is now so justly cast upon it, ceasing to dissemble, it must honestly approve or condemn the acts of President Johnson's administration according as they coincide with or differ from its own opinions. Thus and thus only will the country learn the lesson of the recent elections.

THE CITY PRESS AGAIN.

THE remarks in a recent number of THE ROUND TABLE upon the marked deficiencies of the daily papers of the city have elicited, as might have been expected, various comments by the press of the country, most of which fully indorse the views expressed in this journal. It must be patent to every one who is familiar with the management of the news department of the New York dailies that the one great obstacle to enterprise and consequently to success is the Associated Press. This is a close corporation. No one but the heads of the seven papers composing it know aught of its receipts or expenses. It receives news from all parts of the world and sells it again to the press of the country at such rates as it chooses to establish, and no purchaser can ascertain whether those rates are just or exorbitant. That this is a losing business is, of course, not to be supposed; that it is very profitable, we strongly suspect. How many journals are supplied with intelligence by this association we do not know, but we suppose that one hundred would be a low estimate. Now a small profit on the news given to each one of these would amount to quite a respectable sum in the aggregate—a sum, too, large enough to cover, or more than cover, the entire expenses of the association, and thus the seven papers represented not only might get their news at no cost to themselves, but might realize a profit besides. We do not allege that this is the case, but we do affirm that it might be. And the circumstances are such that we do no discredit to the enterprise of the conductors of the seven journals in question in asking whether our suspicion be not well grounded. On the score of economy, therefore, it must be admitted that the organization of the Associated Press is beneficial to the journals which compose it. But it is death to enterprise in the collection of news. It has established a low standard of success in the very city where that standard should be the very highest.

It is time that this monopoly be abolished. Nor would this be so difficult a feat as it might seem. Were a few of the city papers not belonging to the association to unite with a number outside of New York, they could establish a system of obtaining and distributing news which, at least, would be a formidable rival to the Associated Press, and, in a short time, would either supplant it, or compel it to remove the restrictions which it places upon all its patrons. Whether any paper now existing will make the venture remains to be seen. But so long as all quietly submit to the dictations of this association, there is an opening for a first-class daily paper that shall pay that attention to the collection of news which the public have a right to demand of a truly metropolitan journal.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

Greenwood, November 13, 1865.

WE stood around the dreamless form
Whose strength was so untimely shaken,
Whose sleep not all our love could warm,
Nor any dearest voice awaken;

And while the Autumn breathed her sighs
And dropped a thousand leafy glories,
And all the pathways, and the skies,
Were mindful of his songs and stories,

Nor failed to wear the mingled hues
He loved, and knew so well to render,
But wooed—alas, in vain!—their Muse
For one more tuneful lay and tender,

We paused awhile—the gathered few
Who came, in longing not in duty—
With eyes that full of weeping grew,
To look their last upon his beauty.

Death would not rudely rob that face,
Nor dim its fine Arcadian brightness,
But gave the lines a clearer grace,
And sleep's repose, and marble's whiteness.

And, gazing there on him so young,
We thought of all his ended mission,
The broken links, the songs unsung,
The love that found no ripe fruition;

Till last the old, old question came
To hearts that beat with life around him,
Why Death, with downward torch aflame,
Had searched our number till he found him?

Why passed the one who poorly knows
That blithesome spell for either fortune,
Or mocked with lingering menace those
Whose pains the final thrust importune;

Or left the toiling ones who bear
The crowd's neglect, the want that presses,
The woes no human soul can share,
Nor look, nor spoken word, confesses?

And from the earth no answer came,
The forest wore a stillness deeper,
The sky and lake smiled on the same,
And voiceless as the silent sleeper.

And so we turned ourselves away,
By earth and air and water chidden,
And left him with them, where he lay,
A sharer of their secret hidden.

And each the staff and shell again
Took up, and marched with memories haunted,
But henceforth, in our pilgrim-strain,
We'll miss a voice that sweetly chaunted!

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALFRED TENNYSON, POET-LAUREATE.

Boston, November 13, 1865.

I AM led to offer you a sketch of the progress of Tennyson's fame, here and in England, and some bibliographical items therewith, because he is now brought with renewed interest before us in the long list of varied shapes in which Ticknor & Fields have put him forth—a list surpassing in length and variety any tribute of the like kind, I think, which has been offered a cotemporary poet. I am enabled, also, to give a better glance at the English part of the subject since the appearance of an article on "The Bibliography of Tennyson" in the October number of "The Fortnightly Review."

It has been vaguely known that Tennyson for some years failed to make a mark, and the earliest of his poems were contained in a volume, "Poems by Two Brothers, London, 1827," 228 pp., the authors thus designated being Alfred and a brother, respectively of the age of sixteen and seventeen. It is not surprising that the book offered little augury of the future laureate. Nothing of this collection is now retained, nor of his second venture, entitled "Timbuctoo," to which he put his name, "A. Tennyson, of Trinity College," a vast improvement on the former book, which appeared two years later, in 1829. A year subsequent (1830) came out a thin volume, in buff covers, "Poems, chiefly lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson," and of the 154 pp. in it only 66 are retained in the latest editions of his poems. It contained "The Mystic," which the writer in the "Fortnightly" calls the most striking, if not the most successful, of his suppressed pieces. Three years later (1833) Moxon first appears as his publisher, and has remained so ever since. The author of "Poems," as this issue was simply called, was now in his twenty-second year. This volume contained "The Palace of Art," which has since been considerably retouched, and in this, as well as some of the other poems, now newly printed, he began to show a deeper significance than before. Peter Bayne thinks that Tennyson, in this poem, sought to represent the ghastly isolation of mere intellectual culture, compared with the household sanctities of a Christian life. Something very vaguely of that intention may have possessed the youthful mind of its author, but hardly with such definiteness, I think. At this time first appeared, also, "The Dream of Fair Women," "The Lotos Eaters," "Ænone," "The Miller's Daughter" (which, by the way, is said to have grown from a hint in Goethe), and "The

Lady of Shalott," which last has been largely rewritten since, and the others named more or less retouched. The poem called "Hesperides" also appeared in this volume, though since discarded by the author; but Mr. Fields included it in his selections of "Household Friends" published by his house a year or two ago. Nearly a decade passed after this before he ventured again before the public, and this time in the volume which is substantially the same as that now known as "Tennyson's Poems," in distinction from his separate writings. This was in two volumes in 1842, and for the first time appeared in it the "Ulysses," "Love and Duty," "Two Voices," "Vision of Sin," and the concluding part of "The May Queen;" while the "Sleeping Beauty," which had first appeared in the volume of 1830, was now augmented and called "The Day Dream." It contained also some notes, one of which said that "Dora" was partly suggested by one of Miss Mitford's pastorals, and "Lady Clare" sprang from the novel called "Inheritance." The poems as thus constituted have been but slightly touched since.

It was at this time that Prof. Wheeler, of Cambridge, going abroad for his health, was intrusted by Mr. Ticknor with the task of meeting Mr. Tennyson and conferring with him upon his house having a joint pecuniary interest with the poet in a republication of this volume and in future books. The agreement thus effected has remained binding to this day. The first American edition of the poems came out in June, 1842; it consisted of 1,000 copies, and three years were required to sell them off, when, in 1845, another edition of the same number was put to press. Longfellow had had a few years the start with us as a poet, his first collection appearing in 1839, and this same year (1842) his second installment, "Ballads and other Poems," announced that his position as a recognized poet was assured. It is not surprising that the native writer has maintained the lead in popularity he thus acquired in priority, though even with us, their common publishers tell me, Tennyson for circulation is second in our market only to the Cambridge poet, and not greatly distanced by him beside. At any rate, it would seem that on the score of circulation only Tennyson approximates more closely to Longfellow with us than in his native land, where the American poet considerably leads him. It, moreover, is interesting to know that the distance between them is lessening latterly by the increasing reputation of the laureate. Almost everything that Longfellow has done has borne conspicuously the patent of popularity. The general public could sympathize with him at once. With Tennyson it was quite different. His friend, young Hallam, put it very intelligibly when he said that though, like all great poets, Tennyson addressed his conceptions to our common nature, his poetic realizations required such exertion to follow him as is not willingly made by the large majority of readers; "it is so easy (he adds) to judge capriciously and according to indolent impulse." It was quite a different matter with Longfellow; and it is not very surprising that Mr. Griswold, in a critical work published just as it had taken three years to run off an ordinary edition of Tennyson, is quite content to see nothing in the English poet to warrant his assuming any grade above a third or fourth-rate among cotemporary poets. There were others, however, among us who thought differently, and Mr. Whipple, thus early in his career (1845) as a critic, in a review of Mr. Griswold's book, soundly berated him for his stupidity, and dwelt in turn upon Tennyson's sureness of insight and intense intellectual action; his elaboration by patient skill; his curiously scanning of all emotion by the intellect; and his wonderful artistic finish. At this time, also, Wordsworth (whom Tennyson, a friend tells me, ranks next to Milton for influence upon his art) was calling him the first of our living poets and receiving his pupil's grateful thanks for his example. Again, Emerson, who had an interview at Ambleside in 1848, describes the older poet as calling his younger disciple "a right poetic genius, though with some affectation;" and (expressing his own opinion) that essayist thinks the pupil is endowed precisely where the master is wanting, adding that "through all his refinements he has reached the public—a certificate of good sense and general power." Ruskin, you remember, in the opening of his "Modern Painters," puts forth the postulate—not new, certainly, but worded with his accustomed aptness, and so I turn to it—that the public is only right after long intervals, by reason of the few competent judges communicating their opinions gradually, and they work down and rule at last by absolute authority, even where the grounds and reasons cannot be understood. I think it is much this way with the present wide-spread reputation of Tennyson, for though he touches tender emotions, which always endears a poet—as in "Dora," and "Home they brought her war-

rior dead," etc.—and even reflects the spirit of his age, more particularly, perhaps, the more evanescent and delicate parts of our civilization, yet there is that in him that bars him from direct sympathy with the million, while it at the same time affiliates him, heart and soul, with the extremest culture. We find in his poems much that is drawn in word and phrase from the common treasury of vulgar speech—drawn with a rare instinct—and it is one of those psychological anomalies that while this very fraternization might be deemed conducive to spontaneous repute among the lowly, it oftener leads to assimilation with the most enlightened, because of its philological interest. A National reviewer, a few years ago, said that Tennyson's original admirers, in the days of his obscurity, were not of the wiser class, but young people of rather heated imaginations. This I can believe; and we have Kingsley's word for it, that latterly it is almost with absolute idolatry that every utterance of the laureate is regarded by the cultivated young Englishmen of the day, and especially at the universities. These, it must be confessed, are just the right starting points for that "working down" which Ruskin refers to; and that it is largely an unsympathetic idolatry with which the mob view him, is very evident from the rude intrusions on his privacy at Farringford of which we have had accounts latterly—cockneys peering into his library windows, taking notes of his talk from concealed branches of the trees, and mutilating the same trees for souvenirs. I always think of a story of Voltaire in such connection. An inquisitive fellow was watching him on his grounds at Ferney, when the old poet, observing him, turned slowly about to expose every side of his person, and then coolly dispatched his valet to demand ten sous for seeing the lion. We can easily associate such a story with that monkeyish grin that seems to bespeak any trick in his portraits; but this new head of Tennyson (that graces the new illustrated edition of the "Idyls") utterly forbids any such manifestation of even necessary indignation. The previous heads have given us the author of "Locksley Hall" and the "Lotos Eaters;" we have here the poet of "Enoch Arden" rather—strong, sound, self-assured; the very beard has grown thrifty, and enwraps the mouth like a guardian of weightiness rather than of fancy. I have heard a friend describe Tennyson's reading as something very peculiar, with its undulating cadence and marked rhythmic beat in the songs—particularly in "Maud." I can fancy this scene better with the earlier likenesses than with this; here I seem to see him confronting the critics of "Maud," with the stern reliance of a Bacon upon posterity's judgment.

Tennyson's first detached poem was "The Princess," in 1847, and the volume, as it now stands, has 170 lines not in this first issue; and but few omissions. The intercalary lyrics were subsequently added. In 1850 appeared "In Memoriam," prefigured, as Dr. John Brown thought, by the song "Break, Break," etc., which, though published anonymously, was readily attributed to the rightful author. There have been but four or five alterations in it since, and section LVIII. has been added. The following year (1851) the two volumes of "Poems" proper were augmented by the dedication to the Queen, on his becoming laureate, and by those lines called "Edwin Morris," "The Eagle," "Come not when I am dead," and a few pieces were revived that had been dropped since the volume of 1842.

"Maud" came out in 1855, and contributed more to perplex the critics than to please, somewhat to the author's uneasiness, as I have heard. Many pronounced it a decided failure. The "National Review" charged the poet with catering to the unhealthy sort of youthful imaginations, and intimated a belief in the poet's personal sympathy with some of its objectionable opinions. Tennyson himself seems to have felt for it, as many an author has felt for an unfortunate bantling before, the necessity of affording it special protection. I am told he affects great regard for it, and reads it to his friends more readily than anything else. The accounts in England certainly show it has been a comparative laggard for popular favor there, and the result is not much otherwise here with us. The critics had sufficient influence to cause the poet to retouch it more extensively than had been his custom of late. The edition of 1859 shows this remodeling. In part first, I, 14, 15, 16 were added; XIX. was added to explain some antecedents the original issue was blind upon; and in Part Second, III., "Courage, poor heart," tells us Maud is dead, which was left before so uncertain that the critics disputed; and there was added a new concluding stanza. We are told the germ of "Maud" was contained in a little poem, in a volume of miscellanies, called "The Tribute." There is another uncollected sonnet of Tennyson, which dates back to 1851

(not 1857, as given in the "Fortnightly"), which was read at a farewell dinner to Macready on his quitting the stage. It appeared in the London *Daily News*, of March 3, 1851, and was as follows (it may be placed beside another sonnet of the author, now discarded, which was reprinted in THE ROUND TABLE, old series, p. 235):

"Farewell, Macready, since to-night we part;
Full-handed thunders often have confessed
Thy power well used to move the public breast:
We thank thee with one voice and from the heart.
Farewell, Macready, since this night we part;
Go, take thine honors home; rank with the best,
Garrick, and statelier Kemble, and the rest,
Who made a nation purer through their art.
Thine is it that our drama did not die,
Nor flicker down to brainless pantomime,
And those gilt-guards men-children swarm to see.
Farewell, Macready; moral, grave, sublime,
Our Shakespeare's bland and universal eye
Dwells pleased, through twice a hundred years, on thee!"

The "Fortnightly" reviewer seems to intimate that this sonnet still remained in manuscript.

In 1859 came out "The Idyls of the King," the first part of which had been printed privately in 1857 as "Enid and Nimue" (139 pp.). The first edition did not have the dedication to the memory of Prince Albert, of course. His Boston publishers tell me this poem ranks second in popularity of all his works, the "Enoch Arden" (1864) taking precedence in this respect. The "Idyls" was the occasion of one of the severest criticisms on Tennyson yet produced, written by Emil Montegret, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes"; and in England, if not here, the public generally were more pleased with the poem than the poet's straighter disciples. His last poem, "Enoch Arden," seems to have been fortunate in securing general commendation here and abroad. It is quite evident that the style there sustained is one that Tennyson is much master of. This present year (1865) Moxon has brought out in his "Miniature Poets" a selection made by the poet himself of all his lesser pieces. This collection also contains, for the first time, "The Captain," "Three Sonnets to a Coquette," "On a Mourner," and revives, in part, an early poem from the edition of 1832, entitled "My life is full of weary days." As the result of his popularity in his own land (remembering that the editions are published at much greater cost than here) we have, up to last year, of the "Poems," sixteen editions; of "The Princess," twelve; of "In Memoriam," fifteen; of "Maud," six; of "Idyls," two; of "Enoch Arden," one. In taking into account their relative popularity, we must, of course, consider the varying lengths of time each poem has been before the public.

In America, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, as I have said, have put the poems into more shapes than suffices for any other contemporary poet. The first volume of their "blue and gold" series, the precursor of so many, was a Tennyson, issued in the summer of 1856, but this edition by additions had been increased to two volumes. They now offer seven different editions of his complete works, the latest being the "Farringfords," in one and two volumes, together with an illustrated issue of the same in quarto.

Of single poems they have two editions of "In Memoriam," one of "The Princess," of "Enoch Arden" four editions, including one illustrated, and an additional illustrated issue, with designs by Arthur Hughes, in preparation for simultaneous issue here and in England; of the "Idyls," they have two, one of which is the handsome quarto out this week, matching in style the "Gems from Tennyson" issued last week. This matter of illustrated editions is becoming a matter of great importance. The days of annuals and keepsakes, with steel plates, seem to have gone by, and we are recognizing the greater capabilities of wooden blocks for almost everything except portraits. We have fortunately with us some excellent draughtsmen on blocks, and the works of our own artists in the "Gems" compare very favorably with those others which are printed from the imported electrotype plates. In all that makes a handsome book we are becoming proficient, the press-work, oftener than any other thing, falling short of English models. Take, for instance, these two new volumes (of whose contents I must speak another week) just out from the University Press, with Sever & Francis's imprint, "The Sunday Book of Poetry" and the "Ballad Book"—handsome as they are, and much superior as this "Golden Treasury Series" is to most of our American issues, the press-work is thought by the critical to be a shade inferior to that of their models as published by Macmillan. The type of this series was made in England, I think, and those very beautiful ornaments which fill the blanks of the pages are in a large measure copied, I believe, from an exquisite London edition of Gray's poems. Mr. Welch has an exquisite taste in these things, and, I think, we cannot be

without designers equal to satisfying it. The chapter initials, for instance, to this new edition of the "Idyls" are American work, and good work too. There is one part of a good book that we seem never to have done well in yet, and that is the cloth of the binding, which, if of good quality, is necessarily imported. There is some expectation that this will not long remain so. Several of our larger mills are now conferring with some of our leading publishers and binders upon the feasibility of competing with this foreign manufacture. I understand that in producing the mere fabric there is no difficulty, but the mooted question is whether the manufacture will be so extensive as to justify the constant employment of a special corps of finishers, for it seems there is a doubt of attaining success unless by a division of labor that will afford for the work exclusive manipulative skill.

Illustrating a rare poem is something like acting Shakespeare, and both give rise to the question, if it is in the power of any artist to rise to the level of that self-complacent idealization which every fond admirer of the subject in hand more or less establishes for himself. Consequently, we have such criticisms as Lamb's on acting the tragedies of Shakespeare—not consistent, by the way—and the ominous shake of the head that a sympathetic admirer of Tennyson may give at sight of some few of these illustrations. For instance, that dash of vulgarity that is so frequently apparent in Barry's work is too manifest in his illustration of "The Talking Oak." 'Tis really too bad to make so terrestrially gross the being of whom the poet wrote—

"The flower she touch'd on dipt and rose
And turned to look at her."

Contrast it with Eytinge's Lady Clara Vere de Vere—it is just the proud countenance that peers above the coroneted panel of a coach so often on Constitution Hill; test it by the simple grace and delicate sentiment of Darley's Lady Clare, with her milk-white doe; and we see at once the presence in the one case with the lack in the other of commensurate sympathy.

Eight or ten years ago, and perhaps now, the annual exhibitions in London abounded with pictures from subjects out of Tennyson, and the Pre-Raphaelites particularly much affected such topics. There are several of this school in the "Gems," and we can see here, as in their ambitious pictures, that when they have done good things, it was more because they are artists in the true sense than that they are disciples of any idea. Take the "St. Agnes," for instance, in the present volume—it is as mean a vulgarization of the holy-pure ideal of Tennyson as can be; indeed, it almost makes us believe that Millais is really, as some contend, destitute of the proper imaginative power. Tennyson is, perhaps, better adapted than most of our modern poets—except, possibly, Browning—for the pencil of a Pre-Raphaelite. His verse is as much a protest against the generalizing art of what is called "regular" in poetry as this vigorous brotherhood's work is against the routine of the Royal Academy. Therein they chime. There is much in Millais's gorgeous color that suggests the influence of Keats on Tennyson. There is something in the subtle spiritualism of Dante Rossetti that makes him a fit compeer, though I must say that Tennyson's "Sir Galahad" is much more comprehensible than his illustration of it. That Woolner, the sculptor of this order, has felt the poet's influence very strongly is quite apparent from the artist's poem of "My Beautiful Lady;" and, by the way, when the publishers give us another likeness of their poet, why can't it be Woolner's bust, or one of his medallions of him—a copy of which many will remember as a part of the English art exhibition which visited us some years ago under Mr. Ruxton's charge. The "Mariana" of Millais, which is here put to the poems, seems a different composition from the picture on this subject which was one of that artist's earlier noticeable productions. Perhaps, like Tennyson himself, he likes to produce in doubles. The reader will recall at once the different phases of the same motive that the poet gives in his respective lines:

"Home they brought her warrior dead!"
"Home they brought him slain with spears."

I never open the "Idyls" but I dwell long on that dedication to the memory of Prince Albert—a noble presentation of manly yet affectionate loyalty; and since the blackness of our last April's chronicle, I feel that the two kindred nations ought to draw nearer, in that the loss of their two chiefest men gave such a sacrificial aspect to our war. We all remember how, at the time of the Prince's death, the shadow of his loss was for England, as her laureate says,

"Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,"
for it fell close upon the agitation occasioned by the boarding of the Trent. We may yet some time know

how that shadow quieted the rising passions, and how the known qualities of the Prince's temper served us better, when in his grave, than they might have while he lived.

The present edition of this poem is illustrated wholly by Eytinge and Colman. The book is not, I judge, so good a field for the illustrator as most of his lesser poems; there is less of those half suggestions which leave the artist such wide play for his own power, without being recompensed by any remarkable dramatic power. Few of the pictures, however well done, better our own ideas of the subject. Eytinge's conception of Merlin is a good one, better than that of Vivien, and he certainly does not bear fully in mind the poet's account of her robe, "that more expressed, than hid her, clung about her lissome limbs." The poem, indeed, expresses passion in rather broad sweeps, and as such his delineations are somewhat in keeping; but there is a lack of delicacy, not always so much in sentiment as in manipulation, perhaps, for his hands are almost always badly drawn, a failing he is apparently not unconscious of from the shadow he usually puts them in. I know that to all such criticisms as this, the engraver may possibly be the one more properly amenable to censure. There is a slip, however, in one of Colman's drawings that belongs certainly to the draughtsman—putting the stirrup of a lady's saddle on the wrong side of the horse, as on page 68; while he is correct on pages 40 and 158. I should like to dwell more at length on this book, deserving as it is of more praise than my strictures might seem to allow, but Tennyson has had his share for this time. J. W.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, November 13, 1865.

THAT most absurd project of having a marriage solemnized in a balloon, with the usual rites of religion, was not carried out because the officiating clergyman declined to sustain the rôle allotted to him. His card simply announces that he "went to New York on the usual invitation to perform a marriage ceremony," that he told no one that he would perform it above the clouds, that he had no intention of doing so, and that the marriage took place in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It is rumored in Philadelphia, in which city the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmadge has his cure of souls, that some of his congregation who saw the newspaper announcement of the projected marriage in a balloon, and did not see that he then disclaimed any professional participation in an affair so entirely "in nubibus" and out of all decent routine, forwarded him a remonstrance, and claim to have thus been the means of preventing what, without being very strait-laced, might have been pronounced a desecration of a ceremony which is respected in all civilized lands, being a sacrament of one church and a solemn rite in all others. The clergyman's own specific statement shows that he did not agree to officiate with any promise, intention, or understanding of going up in a balloon with his clerical gown on his back and a prayer-book in his hand, there to do what might be more decorously done on terra firma. The dresses of the bride and bridesmaids must have become rather limp during the voyage in the air, short as it was—for the atmosphere overhead is rather damp, and particularly so at a few thousand feet above the earth.

Philadelphia takes particular interest in this marriage, because it still labors under the reproach of having sanctioned another union under very singular circumstances. A few years ago a large company of performers, vocal and instrumental, known as "The Old Folks," who were thus self-designated because they appeared before the public in the old-fashioned attire which was common before our predecessors signed the Declaration of Independence—this company included two young persons who had resolved to become one by marriage. Resolved to secure something beforehand wherewith to "make the pot boil," they devised the project of being married, not only in public, but in full dress, all of the olden time. What is more singular is their having obtained the consent of a revered doctor of divinity belonging to the Presbyterian Church in this city to give his personal co-operation. The marriage was duly announced in the newspapers among the regular theatrical and amusement advertisements as the "Marriage at Musical Fund Hall," date, hour, and price of admission clearly set down, and piquant paragraphs were published (and, to my own knowledge, paid for) drawing attention to the forthcoming and attractive novelty. Few thought that an actual marriage was on the tapis. The local news-collectors of the daily journals assured the public that the affair was the reverse of a *cau-nard* or a hoax, and positively affirmed that a popular preacher, the Rev. Dr. W., as aforesaid, would officiate. When the wedding-day arrived the clergyman's name was advertised, and he did not deny the soft impeach-

ment. By this time public curiosity, which had been put upon the *qui vive*, had become very much excited. Religious folks, and especially those of his own particular sect, strongly denied that Dr. W. was about marrying the two professional "diverting vagabones," in manner and mode, in guise and disguise, as was alleged; but ordinary folks, who were not "professors," preferred giving credence to the advertisements, and asked why, if they were untrue, the clergyman had not put a public negative upon them. When the stated hour of performance came, "The Old Folks" appeared, as usual, before the largest audience that ever occupied Musical Fund Hall. In the middle of the performances, all the company being collected on the stage, a young couple, dressed in the antique attire of their forefathers and foremothers, which appeared extremely grotesque, stepped forward amid great applause. The clergyman suddenly darted out of a little square room at the side of the stage, just like a "Jack-in-the-box," and clad in his gown or robe, with the usual form, married the old-looking young couple, who were able, from the immense receipts of the evening, to pay him a very liberal fee. It is said that they strongly urged him to appear *en costume*, also, with white wig, bands, lace ruffles, large-cuffed coat, black satin "shorts," and immense silver shoe-buckles, but that he declined to go quite as far as that. After the ceremony was performed, hundreds rushed on the stage to salute "the happy couple," who, when silence had been obtained, announced that they would presently proceed to the lower apartments, where they would be glad to receive their friends, and give them some refreshments. When the crowd went down, they certainly found ample provision of tea and coffee, bread and butter, and cakes, cheese, and crackers—the bride at the head and the bridegroom at the foot of the table—but a further sum payable by each participant of the promised refection. The audience saw that they were *sold*, but bore it very good-naturedly, and the new man-and-wife cleared a few hundred dollars extra by the operation. As for the clergyman, he preached his next sermon to a very small congregation, and, in a few weeks, finding his popularity a thing of the past, resigned his church and accepted a call to San Francisco, where he has had an excellent opportunity of re-preaching the good sermons which won so much approbation in the City of Brotherly Love. From first to last he contended that it was his duty, as a clergyman, to perform the marriage ceremony when asked to do so, and that the bride and bridegroom had a right to be married *where* they pleased and in whatever costume, ancient or modern, which they might choose, provided it were decent. Upon another point, the amount paid him for his services, the reverend doctor was more reticent. It was understood, however, to have been unusually large. It is needless to add that while "The Old Folks" remained in the city, with the two young folks regularly performing, Musical Fund Hall was not only crowded but crammed every night.

Two new books announced by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, who do the greatest "forwarding" business (i.e., supplying booksellers' orders from all parts of the United States) of any in the trade, are expected with no small degree of interest. These are "The Student's Practical Chemistry," by Henry Morton and Albert H. Leeds, and J. B. Jones's "Secret Diary of the Transactions of the War Department of the Confederate States Government." Mr. Morton, who occupied the chair of chemistry for two years in the Philadelphia Dental College, and is now Emeritus Professor therein, is a young man, son of the Rev. Dr. Morton, a learned and eloquent minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and received his education in the University of Pennsylvania. In conjunction with Messrs. Charles R. Hale (now a clergyman) and S. Huntington Jones, the three being a committee appointed by the Philomathean Society, in that university, to prepare a translation of the inscription engraved on the famous Rosetta Stone, of which a fac-simile in plaster had been presented to the society by Mr. Thomas H. Conrad, in 1855-6, he produced a unique volume, small 4to size, published by the society. This book was entirely lithographed, and profusely illustrated with original drawings and borders illustrative of the text, nearly all of which were printed in colors. Mr. Jones, I believe, wrote the description and history of the stone, on one side of which is a trilingual inscription in Hieroglyphic, Greek, and a then unknown language. The Rosetta Stone, discovered during the war between the French and English in Egypt, early in 1801, was first in keeping of General Menon, the French commander, but was taken possession of by General Hutchinson and sent to England, where it arrived in February, 1802, and was finally deposited in the British Museum, where it still remains. Various attempts were made by noted scholars in Europe from that time to translate the three inscriptions, the uppermost of

which is in the Hieroglyphic character the middle in the Demotic (the character used by the Egyptians in letters deeds, and other secular matter), and the third, which is the lowest on the stone, in Greek. It would be tedious here to enumerate what was done in this way: the best translation from the Greek was by the Rev. Stephen Weston, the lacunæ in the original text being supplied by the renowned Heyne. The translation from the Demotic characters, with an essay on that dialect, was made (for the Philadelphia publication) by Mr. C. R. Hale; and that from the Hieroglyphics, with an essay on that substitute for written language, by Mr. Henry Morton, who supplied the alphabet. Only four hundred copies of the book were produced at Christmas, 1853, and the whole of the illuminated engravings, printed in colors on stone, were designed by Mr. Morton, who mentions in the text that he "put pen to stone for the first time in preparing the first page of this book, and was much pressed for time throughout the work." The lithographers were Messrs. Rosenthal, of Philadelphia. The volume is entitled "Report of the Committee appointed by the Philomathean Society of the University of Pennsylvania to translate the Inscription on the Rosetta Stone." The book might actually be called *brilliant*, so numerous are its many-hued illustrations, all of them Egyptian in style or subject. The limited edition was sold in a few days. A few copies were sent to eminent scholars and savans in Europe, and one of these reached Baron Alexander von Humboldt, at Berlin, whence, in March, 1859, he wrote a letter to the committee, greatly praising this first complete attempt to decipher the mysterious inscriptions on the Rosetta Stone, and especially lauding "the picturesque ornaments added by Mr. Henry Morton." A fac-simile of this letter, with a translation, was made and generally circulated, and the result was such a pressing demand for the book, then out of print for months, that it was resolved to prepare a new edition. But a difficulty presented itself in the fact that many of the illustrations had been rubbed off the lithograph stones. Mr. Morton set to work, and not only prepared to supply their places, but varied and improved in the new drawings, adding several new and beautiful illustrations. This second edition went off very rapidly, selling at only \$5 each copy; but a single book cannot now be obtained for ten times that sum. Thrice fortunate is he who possesses, as I do, both editions, with the authors' autographs. After graduating at the university, Mr. H. Morton applied himself to the study of chemistry, a science which he has so fully mastered that he has no superior in that line in this city. Lately he has attached himself to the Franklin Institute. His post as professor of chemistry in the Philadelphia Dental College is now occupied by Albert H. Leeds, formerly of the Franklin Institute, who has just entered into the performance of its duties. A book on chemistry by Professors Morton and Leeds is likely to be valuable.

The other publication is a diary, kept during the whole of the war, at Richmond, secretly made by Mr. Jones, who was a clerk in the Confederate States War Office. It was not intended for publication, but merely as a private and personal record. It contains a pretty full account of the transactions of the Confederate war department during the whole period of its existence until the evacuation of Richmond and the surrender of General Lee, and comprises copies of all important documents and dispatches pertaining to the said war office, with a history of the rise and progress of the events which eventually broke up the "so-called Southern Confederation." It will occupy two octavo volumes, which, if the truth has been set down by the diarist, will be curious if not profitable reading.

E. H. Butler & Co. have published what might be called a "splendid annual," did not its character rather make it fit to be considered a gift for all seasons. It is entitled "Songs of Praise and Poems of Devotion of the Christian Centuries" (the last four words make the title rather unintelligible), is illustrated with over sixty steel engravings, printed on the same page with the letterpress, and is richly bound, in various styles, by Pawson and Nicholson. It is edited, very judiciously, by Professor Coppée, who has, however, committed the mistake of including some of his own poetical compositions, in which some of the rhymes are very bad. On the whole it is a magnificent volume, with the advantage of its general contents not being previously well-known in this country.

In my notice, last week, of Mr. John Campbell's superb reprint of Sir Henry Clinton's "Narrative of the American Campaign of 1781," I mentioned the typography as being especially fine, but forgot to add that Mr. Henry Ashmead was the printer.

The Artists' Fund Society, of Philadelphia, have just opened their free gallery, of pictures by American artists, at their rooms, 1334 Chestnut Street, to which the public will be gratuitously admitted, I believe. Later in the

season they will have a full exhibition of members' works, which, no doubt, will lead to the sale of many of them.

R. S. M.

BOSTON.

Boston, Nov. 13, 1865.

I can but briefly cite the current issues of the week, viz.: T. B. Aldrich's poems in "blue and gold;" new editions of Bayard Taylor's and G. Massey's poems, in cabinet style, from Ticknor & Fields; two new volumes of the "Prudy Books," from Lee & Shepard; a collection of Andersen's and Grimm's German tales, and some new juveniles—"Mey Coverley," "Cruise of the Frolic," "Golden Hair"—from Tilton & Co., to all of which I shall refer again, as well as to "Mr. Stewart's Intentions," a novel from T. O. H. P. Burnham.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have about ready a new volume of poems by Geo. H. Calvert. Little, Brown & Co.'s new volume of "Madison's Life and Times" will not be ready till spring. "The Life and Times of Samuel Adams," with the same imprint, is pronounced a capital addition to our Revolutionary series by the Rev. Dr. Ellis, who has just prepared a review of it for the "Atlantic." I have before me early sheets of Mr. Frothingham's "Life and Times of Joseph Warren," but must delay their examination till another week. The same pub-

lishers issue next week "A Concise Dictionary of the Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History," being a condensation of the larger work for biblical students which was edited by William Smith, LL.D., who has directed the present abridgment, though the labor has been done by William Aldis Wright. It is intended, of course, for the general student, and family and academic use. The original work is well known, as almost exhaustive, among special students of the Bible. About 270 of the cuts are retained; and among the 66 contributors to it are the names of several Americans, viz.: Dr. Day, of Cincinnati; Dr. Hackett, of Newton, Mass.; Dr. Calvin E. Stowe, and Dr. J. P. Thompson, of New York.

W.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston.—Songs of Seven. Illustrated. By Jean Ingelow. 1866. Pp. 29.
The Seer; or, Commonplaces Refreshed. By Leigh Hunt. 1865. 2 vols. Pp. 334 and 330.
The Tour of Descent in Search of the Picturesque. Illustrated with original designs by Alfred Crowquill. 1866. Pp. 407.
THE LONDON PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York.—The Cartoons of Raphael. Engraved by G. Greatbach from the originals at Hampton Court Palace.
G. W. CARRINGTON, New York.—Humbugs of the World. By P. T. Barnum. 1866. Pp. 42.
Home and other Poems. By A. H. Coughley. 1862. Pp. 82.
VAN EYRIE, HORTON & CO., New York.—Negroes and Negro

Slavery: the First an Inferior Race, the Latter its Normal Condition. By J. H. Van Eyrie, M.D. 1863. Pp. 339.
SEVER & FRANCIS, Cambridge, Mass.—The Sunday Book of Poetry. Selected and arranged by C. F. Alexander. 1865. Pp. 334.
The Ballad Book. A selection of the choicest British ballads. Edited by William Allingham. 1865. Pp. 397.
HUNT & Houghton, New York.—Mr. Ambrose's Letters on the Rebellion. By John P. Kennedy. 1865. Pp. 246.
The Metropolitan Fair, Junior. By Fanny Barrow. 1865. Pp. 137.
The Bird's Nest Stories. By Fanny Barrow. 1865. Pp. 155.
Nelly Rivers' Great Riches. By Fanny Barrow. 1865. Pp. 169.
Stories told in the Wood. By Fanny Barrow. 1865. Pp. 175.
Robinson Crusoe. With one hundred illustrations by Edward H. Wehnert. By Daniel Defoe. 1866. Pp. 328.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. 5 vols. 1865. Pp. 485, 540, 510, 536, 515.
Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. With illustrations. 1865. 2d vol. Pp. 350.
WALKER, Wise & Co., Boston.—All the Children's Library: Faith and Patience. A Story and Something More for Boys. 1862. Pp. 311.
A. K. LORING, Boston.—The Adventures of a French Boy. By Alfred de Bréhat. A companion to "The Swiss Family Robinson." Second edition. 1865. Pp. 350.
The Little Gentleman in Green: A Fairy Tale. By Una Savin. 1865. Pp. 103.
Countess Kate. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." 1865. Pp. 224.
Paul Prescott's Charge. A story for Boys. By Horatio Alger, Jr., author of "Frank's Campaign." 1865. Pp. 224.
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia.—Our Mutual Friend. With illustrations. By Charles Dickens. 1865. Pp. 352.
GURDON BILL, Hartford, Conn.—The Life of Abraham Lincoln. By J. G. Holland. 1866. Pp. 544.
BLELOCK & CO., New York.—De Vane: A Story of Plebeians and Patricians. By Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, of Alabama. 1865. Pp. 552.
CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO., New York.—Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects. By J. G. Holland. 1866. Pp. 335.

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURING IN THE SOUTH.

The spirit of enterprise and the accumulated capital of the Eastern and Northern States render it a matter of no surprise that vast manufacturing spring into existence, furnishing to remotest states every manufactured article of luxury or of necessity. Still, these states are not wholly without rivals, for the great cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore have from time to time essayed a competition with them, with more or less success. In one respect, in particular, namely, piano-fortes, which combine both attributes of luxury and necessity, a formidable rival has for years been growing up in the South, until now the magnitude of its business equals, if it does not exceed, that of any single manufacturer East or North.

The house to which we allude is that of William Knabe & Co. of Baltimore, Md., which has for many years been celebrated and popular throughout the South and Southwest. This firm commenced business over thirty years ago, and long before our enterprising manufacturers here had penetrated those great marts of trade, the Knabe pianos were to be found everywhere in those sections of our country, and had become, to a great extent, a household word, while they enjoyed a reputation very hard to shake by the introduction of even the best specimens of our northern and eastern manufacture. Pianos then were, indeed, articles of luxury; they were rated at high prices, and the number of manufacturers was very limited. But in twenty years, as the population increased, the resources of the country developed, and many had wealth where the few had it before, the articles of luxury became necessities, and the piano rose to such a degree of importance that manufacturers sprung up on every side, and thousands were made where fifty had heretofore supplied the demand.

The house of Knabe & Co. has grown with the country, so that where twenty years ago it did a large business upon five pianos a week, it cannot now supply its orders while making per week from forty to forty-five. Their small factory has changed to an establishment which is certainly one of the largest in the United States. The main factory on Eutaw and West Streets, with the lumber-yard attached, occupies over two entire blocks of ground. This building is five stories high, 95 feet front by 45 feet deep, to which is attached a one-story engine house 30 by 45 feet, containing a thirty-five horse-power engine, one of the most perfect and beautiful in the country. The other building is four stories high, with a frontage of 110 feet by a depth of 30 feet. Besides these, the manufactory has two wings, front and back, each of which is 39 by 50 feet. The whole place is heated by steam from the boiler, and is supplied by a vast collection of labor-saving machinery, some of which belongs exclusively, by right of invention, to the firm of Knabe & Co.

Such were their manufacturing facilities eighteen months ago. About that time, through their agents, Julius Bauer & Co., they opened a business in New York for the purpose of introducing their pianos, grand, square, and upright, to a comparison and competition with the great western and eastern manufacturers, and to the criticism of the profession and the press. This experiment has proved successful beyond all expectation, and has drawn so largely upon their manufacturing resources that they have been compelled to increase them to supply the demand. Accordingly, they are now erecting a new building, with a front of 70 feet on Eutaw Street and of 71 feet on West Street, the depth throughout being 30 feet. It will be five stories high, built of the best Baltimore brick, and will be constructed in the most substantial and durable manner, with every convenience and appliance for the comfort of the artisans, and for facilitating the business of the proprietors. The combined buildings have a total frontage of 436 feet, with an average depth of 40 feet on each of the five stories. Judging by these dimensions, Baltimore can boast of possessing one of the three largest and most perfect piano-forte manufactories in the world.

Knabe & Co., like all first-class makers, manufacture all classes of pianos—grand, square, and upright. They lay no claim to remarkable inventions, they simply make the pianos upon established principles, which they have worked upon and elaborated up to a point of peculiar and special excellence. By this means they have secured a pure, full, and equal tone, in quality melodious, rich, and sonorous. Their square pianos possess all these qualities, and are much sought after; their upright pianos are exceedingly beautiful, possessing a clear and brilliant scale, with a power in the lower octaves but rarely found in instruments of that class, shortness of the strings generally producing a short, tubby tone, unless, as in this case, assisted by some compensating mechanical contrivance. The new grands of Knabe & Co. are noble instruments. Their scale is finely graduated, the tone is brilliant, full, powerful, and very sympathetic, and possesses the much-coveted "singing" quality in a high degree. The touch of all these instruments is agreeable, being light, elastic, and of ample power, and suited alike to the amateur and the artist.

We have carefully examined the workmanship of the Knabe pianos, and we find it thorough in every particular. The cases are rich and elegant in design, and are finished in the best possible manner; the entire mechanism is cleanly and faithfully made, and long and thoroughly seasoned material is only used in building up these fine instruments, as the great wealth of the firm enables them to allow \$100,000 to lie idle, represented by lumber stock.

No better proof of the thoroughness of their make can be adduced than the fact that at a fire which occurred at their warehouse, 650 Broadway, the whole stock was flooded with water, and yet one of these, the beautiful upright piano exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute, was placed there with no other repairing of damages than the simple process of allowing it to dry. Instruments which will stand such an ordeal may be fully relied upon as to thoroughness of material and manufacture.

At the various State Fairs throughout the country, the Knabe

pianos have constantly received gold medals or the highest premiums. At the recent Ohio State Fair they came into competition with some twenty pianos from the best makers of New York and Boston, when the highest premium was awarded them, the makers receiving three silver medals for their grand, square, and upright pianos. At the recent Iowa State Fair they also received the highest premium, two silver medals, for their grand square pianos.

The professional opinions of the Knabe pianos are flattering in the extreme, not procured to-day, but tendered through a series of years. Thalberg, after using the instruments, wrote: "I find them equal, if not superior, to any in this country. Among the great qualities which distinguish them is the evenness of tone, the easy and agreeable touch, and the volume of tone." Gottschalk, who tested them carefully a few months since, wrote: "Having had lately an opportunity to try and test your new scale, grand as well as square pianos, I cannot refrain, beside reiterating all I had to say at a former period, from congratulating you on the important improvements you have introduced in the manufacture of pianos. Your instruments combine all the qualities which are required to make a piano as perfect as possible, and fully deserve the great popularity they have gained all over the country."

These testimonials are also approved by Strakosch, Anschütz, Gustave Satter, Vieuxtemps, Mazio, Robert Heller, G. W. Morgan, and many other first-class artists. Fradel, alluding to a recent occasion, wrote: "Your grand pianos at Irving Hall told out with brilliant effect. Their tone, richness, power, and carrying quality, were more than sufficient to fill that large concert hall, and I look upon them as instruments of sterling excellence, and as successful rivals to those instruments which have, heretofore, monopolized the concert halls and the markets of the country."

The best specimens of these fine instruments will be found among the ample stock in the warehouses of Knabe & Co.'s agents,

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It is believed that this work will be found the most complete and best arranged in its contents, as it is the most elegant in mechanical execution. The author has brought to light the most precious ores he could find in his explorations in the wealthy mines of amatory poetry, and the result is a work which sparkles with the love-thoughts of all ages.

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